





SENTIMENTAL AND COMICAL

POEMS

BY

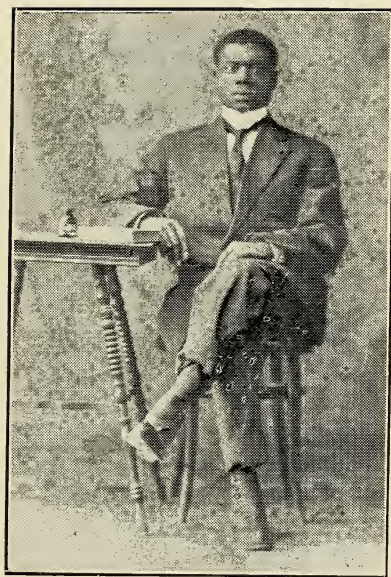
JAMES H. THOMAS



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J. H. THOMAS,
Author of Poems.

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PREFACE

In giving this little book to the reading public, especially those of my race, I have aimed to enliven those smoldering coals of enthusiasm that so conspicuously characterize my race. I have learned that to touch upon the natural characteristics of a race or individual in a way that appeals to the inward forces of his nature, therefore putting him to thinking about the existing conditions in and around him, brings about serious thought, action and change on the part of that individual or individuals; hence, I have written verses touching along this particular line.

I have also contributed a few verses to LOVE, that never-dying flame, which will no doubt interest the young, the bachelor and the spinster.

The foremost characteristic about our race is, that Nature has taught us to see the "funny" side of everything. Sometimes we see that side first. But there is good in laughter and jollification, 'tis by this, if anything, that we have succeeded thus far. The comical selections of this book afford much laughter, which is a true tonic for stupidity, melancholy, and the gloomy periods of life.

Hoping that you may find consolation in reading this little volume, I am,

Yours truly,

THE AUTHOR.

IN MY THINKING CASTLE.

(ROOM IN WHICH POEMS WERE COMPOSED.)

'T IS in my castle snug and neat
That thoughts both old and new
Are welcome. These I always greet,
For they to me are true.

New thoughts the old ones introduce;
Their hands I grasp and shake,
I tightly hold and turn not loose,
To my dull senses wake.

Old thoughts I reverence with care,
For they have paved the way
For new ones that are bright and rare,
Which Nature's truths convey.

'T is in my thinking castle that
I with these thoughts converse,
We have a pleasant social chat
While them with care I nurse.

Then by God's help I mold new ones,
New thoughts formed in my mold,
Each helpful thought that through me runs
At some time will be told.

Yea, some day will be told
In words simple and true;
These worthy gems of faultless gold
May serve to strengthen you.

Great thoughts whose origin is God
Are reproduced on earth
By thinking men who labor hard
To give them honest birth.

Thoughts are conceived in rugged forms,
Unpolished and disguised,
But when refined their beauty charms,
And how we are surprised!

God thought, and from his thought there sprang
Creations great and small;
Earth, moon, sun, stars, His praises sang,
His wisdom formed them all.

There is no law to keep mankind
From thinking, no not one;
No law can govern any mind,
For this cannot be done.

This blessed castle, ten by twelve,
In which I have absorbed
Some thoughts that truly made me delve
Below the surface sod,

Has been my comfort and retreat,
My solace and my friend;
In it I take my lonely seat
And o'er poetry bend.

Sometimes I chase a fleeting thought
To realms beyond the skies;
I see it fleeing till 'tis caught
By patience, brains and eyes.

When it I catch, to it I hold
Till its great power spreads
O'er me in sheets of polished gold,
And its sweet essence sheds.

And when I catch the spirit of
The thought that I have chased,
I then my energies involve,
And let no moments waste.

A POEM OF RETRIBUTION.

HAVE you watched the results of a thrown rubber
ball,
How quickly it rebounds when it strikes a stone
wall?
Just so hard as you throw it, so it will return;
It teaches a lesson that we all should learn.

So a bad deed when done with an evil intent,
Comes back again to us without our consent.

It comes at a time when we're prosperous and gay,
And stops our progress without a delay.

We hide the bad deeds when we bury them deep,
But they rise up again, and right straight at us
peep;

We are fearful, astonished, when these deeds
condemn

Us, by bursting upon us with power and vim.

We then tell a lie to demolish this plant,
And try to destroy it forever, but can't.

We sever it 'way to some depth in the ground,
But the roots from which it came are solid and
sound.

And when we are dead and in graves are hurled,
These deeds will spring upward, and show to the
world

What we did in the dark, and then tried to keep
hid,

But God, in his providence, lifted the lid.

You may plant your bad deeds in the day or by
night,

And try to conceal them in darkness from light;
But as sure as the sun keeps his course to the west,
These deeds will confront you and put you to test.

So let us not sow any acts of discord,
But when we are tempted converse with the Lord,

Don't rush with a passion and lose self-control,
For we in this way may endanger the soul.

SOMEWHERE.

SOMEWHERE the world is dark because no brilliant
rays are shining,
Some dreary land is gloomy because hearts are
sore and pining;
With the dark and gloomy seasons souls are tuned
in harmony,
And the countenance is robed in garments of
solemnity.

Still somewhere the sun is sending forth great
rays of brilliant light
Illuminating souls that once were filled with
dreadful night;
And in each chamber of the heart his brilliancy is
spreading,
And golden sheens and glittering beams within
the soul he's shedding.

Somewhere on life's tempestuous sea some one
with awe is crying;
Great streams of tears are flowing free from those
who're sad and sighing.
Like seas whose ruffled bosoms are inflamed by
winds intruding,
Are some poor souls who're struggling now
against vile sin's deluding.

And yet, somewhere the seas are calm o'er which
some ship is sailing;
Some bosom's resting peacefully, no sighing
neither wailing,
Nor tortured hearts nor gushing tears to break
the soothing calmness;
No dashing waves nor swelling tides; the winds
are still and harmless.

Somewhere some sin is being concealed in some
heart for safe keeping,
But at some time and at some place this sin
will bring forth weeping.
Some mind is drifting far away to regions of dis-
traction,
By trying to explore that realm which some call
satisfaction.

Still somewhere there're hearts divine that do
not think of pining—
Great hearts that have their trust in God and not
always a'whining
Because their skies seem always darkened by
black clouds distressful;
They strive to keep the clouds away until they are
successful.

DESTINY.

THERE'S no escaping Destiny,
No matter how we plan.

We can't unfold God's purposes—
They are too firm for man.

Our destiny was fixed before
Our birth into the world;
We did not fix it when we came,
Nor can it be unfurled.

The road you traveled to success,
Was strange to you, you know;
You never thought when you began,
That you would this way go.

Life's path was fashioned by no man,
Nor destined by his wit;
'T was surveyed by that Unseen Eye,
And that we must admit.

The things which you met in the way,
Perhaps you tried to shun,
And yet you say, "*If* I'd done thus,"
And "*If* I had not done."

But "*If*" is never in the way
When Destiny is planned
By God himself, who does not change
The plan he's made to stand.

Don't worry about your destiny,
But try to do your best,

To meet life's problems with a smile,
And give your soul a rest.

TEMPTATIONS.

We often make our temptations,
And are overcome by lust,
When we heed the inclinations
That make us do things unjust.

We are subject to dejections,
At our best we cannot boast;
We should all welcome corrections,
And should not wait to be forced.

We are told by our own conscience
To do right, instead of wrong;
What we crave is simply nonsense,
Things that do not please us long.

We conceive the sins that hurt us,
Which we nourish by our will;
But ere long these sins will girt us
So we can't our purpose fill.

Things we welcome in our presence
Are the things we love the best;
But sometimes we get the essence
From these things, which gives unrest.

Ask not God to move temptations,
'T is a silly thing to do.
Some you brought by inclinations,
So the move is up to you.

HABIT.

HABIT is like a parasite;
It saps the strength away
From those who have become its slave,
And serve it day by day.

A contagion of the worst kind,
A dreadful, poisonous germ,
With deathlike grip it takes a hold,
To serve a life-long term.

It gathers strength at our expense,
It's bills we have to pay,
Till our weak frame, destroyed and wrecked,
Lies breathless in the clay.

Habit will make you pay a price
Astonishingly high,
With interest at a per cent
That doubles, by and by.

Do not in you a habit form
Because it seems to please;
For ere long you will be debased
By it, and long for ease.

Just place this sign upon your mind:

“No admission to you,
Bad Habit, for your way is dark,
And painful, and untrue.”

Then keep the door closed against it,

Don't listen to its plea,
And if you will not to it heed,
You'll enjoy liberty.

PATHOS.

We sometimes have a feeling strange

Hurled into our souls,
That makes us tremble dreadfully,
As when a church bell tolls.

It wrings the tears from our eyes,

And sighs of doleful sound
Escape, that we cannot control,
Matters not who's around.

In some it is expressed in loud

And sympathetic cries;
Others are stilled by its approach,
But deep in them it lies.

But ah! that silent one who sighs

Within when troubles come,
Is deepest touched, though not expressed
In words as loud as some.

Pathetic strokes mellow the heart
For charitable deeds;
That soul stirred by pathos, and love
Of Christian work, succeeds.

Ring out! O chimes of saintly souls,
Ring out in notes divine,
In peals of great supernal tones
That man cannot define.

The soul doth overflow with love
When Pathos reigns supreme,
Close by his throne our blessings come,
From God's life-giving stream.

THE AIR CASTLE.

IN youth we build air-castles high,
Most beautiful and fine;
We build a glowing edifice
That almost looks divine.
Its domes and towers reach the skies,
With great columns and beams,
And arched windows of brilliant hue
Reflecting sunset gleams.


We walk between its stately walls,
And climb its marble stairs;
Into its high towers we soar
Away from worldly cares.
Bedecked in our matchless pearls,

Clothed in our robes of white,
We breathe heaven's refreshing air
With joy and great delight.

How securely we fix ourselves
In our air-castles high;
We care not how the world moves on,
Nor how the needy cry;
Our lofty minds are high above
The famished and the poor,
Nor care we for the feeble knock,
For mercy at our door.

But ah! a shock comes from below,
"What can it be?" we say;
That vain foundation was unsafe,
And now it's giving way.
Look at that fair mansion you built,
Now leans its stately form!
Oh see it sinking, sinking down
Before a trying storm!

So with our reveries and dreams:
With selfishness we view
Our future life all full of blooms,
Sweet flowers, fresh and pure.
But when we think to gather up
Those flowers sweet and fine,
They quickly vanish from our sight,
And then we pine and pine.



THE POWER OF SONG.

(Delivered at a recital of Mme. Anita Brown.)

AH, what is more soothing to an impatient ear
Than a song sweetly chanted by a lady dear!
It lifts one from earth to that high Realm above,
Where song is the sweetest expression of love.

It thrills every fibre in a weary soul,
E'en the minds of the stupid and slothful will
 stroll
With the singers, 'midst the far constellations of
 stars,
And the great solar system with Venus and Mars.

It melts the cold heart of the desperate one
Like the heat does the snow from the hot brilliant
 sun.
It gives one a longing for song and for rhyme,
And makes him feel noble, blissful and sublime.

And if in some forest a woman should sing,
The hills at a distance would make the song ring
Through the meadows and valleys, with echoes
 of joy;
The smoothness of rhythm they would not destroy.

Or if on the top of some mountain she stood,
A'singing with rapture, she'd win you, she would.
Like manna from heaven her voice would descend,

And with every heart her sweet music would
blend.

Or if in that bottomless abyss she'd sing,
Her voice like a new fount of water would spring
From that fathomless pit with a bewitching
sound,
And baptize her hearers with music profound.

Or if she should visit the stars in the sky,
No doubt that those heavenly bodies would shy
When she made her obeisance, and began to sing,
Chanting notes that would make heaven ring.

If in the dark regions with demons below,
She were doomed with the outcasts to torture and
woe,

Their eternal punishments they would forget
When she would burst forth singing her sacred
sonnet.

They tell me that angels will keep silent when
The great host of Christians shall be ushered in
The portal of glory with new songs of praise,
And great shouts of triumph and music they raise.

The great power of song was displayed upon earth
By angels who sang, "Peace. good-will," with
great mirth.

Of the wonderful gift to the world they did sing,
And their loud "Hosanna!" of praises did ring.

But hush, hush, listen! ye women and men;
You children keep quiet! and don't move a chin.
I hear a sweet voice, and it's one of renown!
Yes, come in! It's Mme. Patti Brown.

UP THE ROAD.

It seems that men are fully bent
On violence and crime;
They care not how their lives are spent,
Nor how they waste the time.
They're traveling at a dreadful speed,
Which they cannot afford,
And hiding mistakes to succeed
Which'll meet them up the road.

Humanity's fast train of sin
Will soon be wrecked by Time;
'Tis loaded with distrustful men
Who're wasting 'way their prime.
So crowded is this train of sin,
So very great its load,
That men are fighting their way in
To meet Death up the road.

There're men of fortune on this train;
Some of worldly renown,
Who pile up wealth by greedy gain;
Upon which God does frown.
As sure as Time and Tide move on,
And God keeps his abode,

Ill-gotten wealth will make them groan
When they're wrecked up the road.

There are peacebreakers on this train,
Some "high-toned" and refined,
Who'll seek God's mercy, but in vain;
His hottest wrath they'll find.
They're gliding smoothly now, no doubt,
And with their conscience bored;
Their awful deeds will be found out
When they're wrecked up the road.

Those little things kept in your heart
Are "no harm sins," you say;
You hide them and a mountain start
That will show up some day.
These little sins that you have done
Will some day make a load
That you will try your best to shun,
Or deny, up the road.

It is in youth when sinful vice
Saps one's manhood away;
By simple ways does it entice
When given it's full sway.
Open your eyes, young man and maid,
To yield you can't afford;
This sinful vice will make a raid
Upon you up the road.

How sad and painful is old age,
What awful wrecks we see

Performing daily on life's stage,
All bent in misery!
Vitality all sapped away,
God's vengeance on them poured,
For youthful mistakes they must pay
In sorrow up the road.

Some hidden deeds that we have done
In bygone days of old
Will face us, and we cannot shun
The punishment they hold.
We pray, but God does not forget
Those habits which we've sowed;
So it's no use to whine and fret,
We'll meet them up the road.

"Pass on," we say, "tormenting deed;
I thought that thou wert hid.
How in the world can I succeed
When my peace thou forbid?"
But ah! that deed will not obey
Until revenge is poured
Upon us. 'Tis our well-earned pay
Which we get up the road.

"O wretched flesh! O lustful heart!
O misery and woe!
For heaven's sake will you depart!
Why do you torture so?"
But flesh and heart are not to blame
For these vile seed you've sowed;

The fruits of which will have a claim
Upon you up the road.

LIE AND TRUTH.

"GOOD morning, Lie," said Truth one day;
"Where are you going up this way?"
Said Lie, "I'm going to dress like you,
For something that I have in view."

Said Truth, "My garment's white and pure,
I know they'll not look well on you."
Said Lie, "I'll paint my face like yours,
The other parts I'll not expose."

Said Truth, "You cannot look like me,
You'll be condemned, where'er you be."
"I'll do my best," said Lie to Truth,
"To look like you and fool some youth."

Said Truth, "The parents train the youth
So when they're grown, they know I'm Truth."
Said Lie, "I'll grow as strong as they,
And entice them to go my way."

"Well, Lie," said Truth, "what would you do
If I'd wash all the paint off you?"
Said Lie, "I'd paint my face again;
They'd think that you and I are kin."

Said Truth, "This would be wrong of you,
To deceive them who would be true."

Said Lie, "They always make their choice;
When they choose me I do rejoice."

"The tongue that tells a lie," said Truth,
"Is building up the devil's booth."
"The man who owns the tongue," said Lie,
"Gets wealth and honor by and by."

Said Truth, "His wealth can't save his soul.
Nor make his sinful body whole."
"Ah well," said Lie, "You cannot see
The side of it that interests me."

So Lie and Truth together went;
On different missions they were sent.
One went to break the Lord's command,
The other took a moral stand.

TIME'S WEAPON.

TIME, the champion of the world,
By many a hard-fought battle,
Into eternity has hurled
The rich man and the chattel.

TIME has a weapon sharp and keen,
Of the very best metal;
There was no combat ever seen,
But what brave Time did settle.

Never too fast, never too slow,
Never passes decisions
Until his time to strike the blow
That settles all divisions.

The dreadful weapon used by Time
Is death! uncompromising,
Impartial, e'en with men sublime;
And many times surprising.

The slightest touch of death's keen point,
The weapon which Time uses,
Makes cold the flesh, the bone and joint,
Without e'en making bruises.

Some make brave attempts to avoid
Time's matchless, shimmering steel,
But get their well-fixed plans destroyed,
Though they to God appeal.

But Time laughs at his combatants,
A scornful laugh laughs he;
He does not care for protestants
Nor a pathetic plea.

"O Time, O Time! thy weapon stay;
O hold it in suspension,
And spare my life for one more day,
And you'll get my attention."

'T is true that Time's component parts,
Hours, minute and second,

All should be used by faithful hearts,
For their value can't be reckoned.

Time has given to everything,
Two seasons well defined,
One to prepare, well known as spring,
The next, to reap and bind.

O Time! how matchless is thy steel,
How keen thy awful blade!
The brightness of it makes men feel
So helpless and afraid.

Ah, what a record thou hast made
In earth and sea and sky;
Every creature, by thy blade
Must some day breathless lie.

MY REQUEST.

DON'T stand around me when I'm dead,
With a deceitful tear,
Nor a sad look, and hung down head,
An angel to appear.

But come around me while I live,
And when I am distressed,
Then comfort me with what I need
For this is my request.

Don't pile up flowers on my grave
When I am dead and gone;

But all this time and money save
To help the gospel on.

But if some kind act you would show
To me while I'm alive,
Now your sweet flowers you may throw,
To my spirit revive.

Yes, give them now, oh give them now,
When I deserve them most;
Yes, give them now, before I join
That great angelic host.

Don't wait until I'm in my grave
To sum up my mistakes,
Because when told of yours, you rave
And great confusion make.

But tell me of mine while I live,
And watch yourself and yours,
Before to me your advice give,
And my mistakes expose.

Oh don't expose, do not expose,
Brother, do not expose.
Before to me your advice give,
Correct yourself and yours.

You have your faults and I have mine;
They may not be the same.
To expose mine and cover thine
Gives you no better name.

Say what you will and have no fear;
Don't wait till I am gone;
If it will help me, let me hear—
To hold it back is wrong.

SPRING GREETING.

Lo! the winter now is past;
Spring comes riding in at last,
With her healthful, balmy breeze,
Greeting birds and budding trees.

List! I hear her gay "Ha! ha!"
Ringing through the meadows far,
Getting everything in tune,
Budding trees for shade in June.

She has tuned the atmosphere
With her season of the year;
Light and gracefully she steps,
Winning everything she helps.

Winter tried to keep her 'way,
Till the near approach of May;
But the sun's hot rays forbade—
And have many glad hearts made.

E'en the ground-hog has come out
Of his burrow with a shout,
For his shadow failed to show,
As it did six weeks ago.

Gentle Spring, why lingered thou?
Thou delayed the farmers' plow;
'T is upon thee we depend
For a happy harvest end.

Breathe thou now upon the earth,
And she will give gentle birth
To more smiling buds and flowers,
Making glad these hearts of ours.

THE FLESH AND SOUL'S CONTROVERSY.

WHAT worries thee, thou troubled soul,
Why cryest thou so loud?
Knowest thou not there lies thy goal
Within the darkest cloud?

" 'Tis not the goal within the cloud
That makes my troubles cease,
Though thoughts of it do make me proud—
But thou let me have peace."

Do not the worldly things suffice,
Of mirth and joy and peace?
Is not the earth a paradise,
Where pleasures never cease?

Vast treasures have I stored away,
That I might use at will;
They'll serve thee well a rainy day,
Then, soul, wilt thou be still?

"No, when the days are clear and bright,
And lit by sunny rays,
If thou with sin wilt still unite,
To me 't is rainy days."

In spacious halls I skip and dance,
And laugh with merry glee;
I try your pleasure to enhance,
But thou still torture me.

"As oil and water can't be mixed,
So worldliness with me
Cannot unite, for I am fixed
As firm as I can be.

"Do let me rule, O flesh of man,
With temperance for a guide;
You'll not regret that you began
A life that gave you pride."

O pleading Soul! I yield to thee,
I'll fulfill thy request;
For by your words, I plainly see
That truly you know best.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

WHEN I was young, and in my prime,
With books to read, and ample time, --
'T was pleasure then and nothing more
That I lived for in days of yore.

When I was young and had my strength,
For pleasure I would go full length,
And let the precious moments fly,
And opportunities pass by.

When I was young, my energy
Was wasted, 'way unsparingly
With comrades of the meanest sort.
I gave not time a single thought.

When I was young, and chances good,
I failed to use them as I should;
I loved strong drink and poker games,
And took delight in wrecking names.

When I was young, my conscience said:
"Young man, do cultivate the head,
And purify the heart and thought;"
But I against that advice fought.

When I was young my pains were few;
What trouble was I hardly knew.
I had a strong and healthy frame,
But I was wild and hard to tame.

Now I am old, and time has fled,
No books to read, nor decent bed;
My thoughts good thinkers all condemn,
My best days gone, and chances slim.

Now I am old, no progress made,
My friends no more can I persuade

To comfort me with word or deed,
Nor give me anything I need.

Now I am old, my way is hard;
The season's past and I am barred.
If I could my past life recall,
To help the world, I'd give it all.

Young man, from this a lesson take,
And while you 're young, keep wide awake.
I once was youthful, strong and bold,
But now I'm old, now I am old.

FASHION AGAINST COMFORT.

Ho, Comfort! what's thy mission here,
What service canst thou do?
Since things have changed from old to new,
Which now are against you?

"I serve the wise and thoughtful class
Of people, who will heed
The timely advice that I give
In order to succeed."

Pshaw, Comfort, people laugh at thee
In these fanciful days;
Thy appearance and awkwardness
Are spurned in many ways.

"The health and ease that I afford,
All people would enjoy;

But thou with glaring temptations
Destructive means employ."

Then why do they prefer my way
To yours of peace and rest?
If I am a destructive force
Why not 'gainst me protest?

"Thou art a force stronger than they,
So powerful and strong,
That thou canst change appearances
And lead the masses wrong."

In the beginning was it so—
Did I then have the power
That I have now with modern thought,
That's called "up to the hour?"

"Thou wert not known to mankind then,
Then men grew large and strong;
They then obeyed the laws of health,
And lived healthy and long.

"As soon as thou began to rise
With thy bewitching traits,
Thou didst disguise that which was pure
And molded 'fashion plates.'

"Thou handicap the worldly minds
With sights that do allure
The appetites for showy things
Which will not long endure.

“Thou hast brought on mankind disgrace
By making virtue cheap;
The strong desire for costly garb
Are mistakes which they’ll reap.”

Ah, Comfort, dost thou hate to see
Nature aided this way,
Is not the world more beautiful
And men more blithe and gay?

“The world is not as beautiful
As t’was in olden times,
For then nature had its own way
Men died not in their prime.

“So let us close the argument.
Old Father Time will tell
Which of us two will win at last,
For he surely judges well.”

WE'RE COMING UP.

Two hundred forty years or more
Held us in slavery bound;
Just chattels, so to speak, were we,
Beaten and cuffed around.
Our sympathizers held their peace,
And failed to interrupt;
But God did not forget that we
Were down, but would come up.

Our parents groaned beneath the lash;
Yet they were true and tried.
They had no one to pity them,
But knew God would provide.
They suffered untold misery,
Drank of that bitter cup.
They suffered, but good seeds were sown
In men who're coming up.

Punished and driven to hard tasks,
Like dumb-brutes from the stalls;
Tho' weak and feeble some would be,
They answered to the calls.
But God, who watches everything,
Both holy and corrupt,
Saw in His plan a mighty race
Kept down, but would come up.

To worship God, they slipped away,
To some quiet praying ground,
And sung, and prayed with heartfelt love,
While angels hovered 'round.
They list, but could not understand,
Nor that sweet essence sup;
For by those prayers, a suppressed race
Kept down, would be raised up.

All heaven would be silent now,
To listen to a prayer
Burst forth from heart sincere and true,
But now, such hearts are rare.
Two centuries or more they prayed,

And partook of that cup
Whose contents were a dreadful lash
To stop our coming up.

Oh! think of what we undergo
In these enlightened times;
We're punished by unlawful means
To recompense for crimes.
The innocent are driven from
Their comforts and their homes,
To satisfy an angry mob,
That through our districts roams.

Does history repeat itself?
Yes, in this present day;
The Israelites were burdened too,
Just in the selfsame way.
Egyptians' cruel yokes they wore
Through many weary years,
But God had planned to set them free
Of burdens and of tears.

Let's not give over to despair,
Ye race despised and spurned;
God gives to every race a chance,
E'en though abused and shunned.
Though some may never see that day,
Nor of its sweetness sup,
But they should pray continually
That others may come up.

DEATH A DREAM.

ONLY a dream, a pleasant dream,
Is Death to God's election—
A careful usher o'er the stream
Bridged by hope's own direction.

A balm that soothes departing souls
Called home by the Infinite;
A hand that opens the spiritual realm,
And ushers the soul in it.

O dreadful Death, God's instrument,
Impartial in thy dealings;
It matters not how calm thou be,
Thou bringest sad, sad feelings.

A saint that death doth rock to sleep
Shows happiness by smiling;
The soul is wafted to its God
Where there is no defiling.

That rare expression on the face
Of the soul that is dreaming
Is God's great mercy full and free,
So soothing and redeeming.

When will the soul 'wake from its sleep,
And tell that endless story?
Or where are words that can express
The visions of God's glory?

Dream on, O soul, and take thy rest
In that fair land of promise;
We can't disturb thee by our wails,
While in that land of bliss.

Thy empty "soul case" shall decay,
And mingle with the dust;
But thou shalt ever take thy rest
In heaven with the just.

Wake not, O wake not, sainted soul!
But dream of things in heaven;
Dream not of us, for we must go
When God's orders are given.

Death is a dream that will come true;
'T is only told in glory;
The dreamer ne'er returns to earth
To tell the matchless story.

THE EFFECT OF MUSIC.

HARK! my soul, the music in thee
Turns my gloominess to bliss;
O tell me who could dislike it
And its blessed comforts miss?

In the abyss of nature
There are sweet musical chords,
Harmonizing words and rhythm
Making notes that get applauds.

When the pianists touch lightly
The keys of the instrument,
How souls catch the inspiration
That with pleasantness is sent.

Yea, all music gives me comfort,
From a Jew's harp to a band;
Each one has a place in nature
That we do not understand.

Welcome to my longing nature,
O thou music rare and grand!
Welcome when I'm melancholy—
Thou makest my soul expand.

Before the day begins its dawning,
When the world is calm and still,
And the orchestra comes playing—
How our souls with rapture fill!

When we wake and hear the music
Flowing into our bedrooms,
Can we then express our feelings?
Does it not drive 'way the gloom?

When we sometimes feel forsaken
By our near and distant friends,
Don't we find solace in music
As it with our natures blends?

If there were no love for music
In the world, what would it be?

Souls of men would be like demons
Caring naught for harmony.

Instruments of all descriptions
Has the Lord created here;
Made he them for man's own comfort,
And his weary soul to cheer.

How the strains of music waft us
To delightful realms somewhere
High above earth's toils and worries,
On the matchless wings of air.

There is music in each atom,
And in ev'ry molecule;
It was God who planned and fixed it
By one great established rule.

Tap a drum or blow a cornet
On a gloomy battle-field;
Men will rise up with new vigor,
And will not to their foes yield.

Let soft strains of music enter
Into a dying man's room;
It will stir his soul with rapture,
And will death's dark way illumine.

Welcome to my soul, O music!
May thy sweetness it absorb,
And within my bosom linger
While robed in thy holy garb.

Welcome to our homes, O Music,
Drive away gloom and despair;
Do not hesitate to enter,
Bring delight and comfort there.

Melt away like snow, O Music,
Into our warm hearts dissolve
While we feast upon thy essence
Which our longing souls involve.

Rock me now, O sacred Music,
While I into dreamland go,
And my rest will be so peaceful
That I'll want to 'wake no more.

SUPPRESSED SOUL.

THE strong pulsations of the heart,
And sad expressions of the face,
Tell of a pleading, struggling soul,
Repelling all that's low and base.

'Tis with the flesh that it contends,
The sinful house in which it dwells—
They don't agree, and never will,
For when one acts, the other tells.

The soul cries out in agony;
The face shows symptoms of its cries,
For tearful eyes and pallid cheeks
Are signs that trouble inward lies.

Subdue the flesh to ease the soul;
Give heed to right and shun the wrong;
Suppress low passions of the flesh;
Then will the soul grow firm and strong.

The flesh returns to dust again;
The greedy worms which it creates
Are like the sins that once it served;
Devours and never hesitates.

The soul will live for evermore;
For when it from this body goes,
It takes a peaceful flight to God,
Away from fleshly lust and woes.

STRIKE NOT BACK AGAIN.

We are very often treated
With contempt and scorn;
But if right, we're not defeated,
Though much must be borne.
When mistreated by the world,
And tempted to sin;
When upon us wrong is hurled,
Strike not back again.

Keep on standing, keep on standing,
Firmly, true and strong;
Keep on standing, and demanding
Right instead of wrong.
Men will strike to get up a contest,
But you will be sure to win.

If for right you will stand in the conquest,
And strike not back again.

Godliness has won the greatest
Battles of the world.
Christian men must stand the tempest,
With their flags unfurled;
When the world strikes you with vigor,
Through her worldly men,
Let us stand with godly rigor,
But strike not back again.

Learn a lesson from the Savior,
Who stood buffed and scorned,
And accused of misbehavior,
Wore a crown of thorns.
Though they cursed Him, though they struck Him,
But the world to win,
He prayed for them, never hurt them;
Struck He not back again.

Yes, the world hates Christian workers;
Against Christ it stands,
And with hypocrites and shirkers,
Forms the striking bands.
And they strike with aims to scatter
All the godly men.
Let them strike, it does not matter,
Strike not back again.

THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING.

THIS day which we now celebrate,
We know, did not originate
In these gay times; for pleasures hold
The highest place with young and old.

Nor in the nineteenth century,
When the whole world progressively
Moved on, and new inventions made,
For which men have been duly paid.

When success to the Pilgrims came,
They solemnized this day and name
By thanking God for blessings past,
And praying him that they might last.

They left their homes across the sea,
And came here, where they could be free
To serve the Lord in their own way;
They would not England's laws obey.

In sixteen hundred twenty-one,
After much needed work was done,
Realizing the progress made,
They met together, sang and prayed.

'T was after the harvest had past;
That these good folks planned a repast.
They did not mourn, nor were they sad,
But they were happy, gay and glad.

They went to church and sang and prayed,
And there to God their homage paid;
They laughed and feasted all day long,
And sang a new thanksgiving song.

Nor were they selfish with their joys,
And they made not deceitful noise,
But welcomed Indians to their feast,
From the greatest to the least.

From this let us a lesson take,
And do not our God forsake;
But when Thanksgiving comes around,
Let's worship Him with joyful sound.

Thanksgiving comes, Thanksgiving goes,
Who'll see the next? Nobody knows.
But let us all thank God that we
Are living now, and this one see.

Thank God from whom all blessings flow,
Thank Him, all creatures here below;
Thank Him above, ye heavenly host;
Thank Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE SYNONYM OF PATRIOTISM.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the synonym
Of truth, of bravery and of vim;
One hundred eighty years ago
Was born, the greatest man of yore.

In "Old Virginia" he was born ;
A noble spirit in him shone,
As bright as any brilliant sun,
Spreading his beams on every one.

'T was in a large, old-fashioned frame
In which was born this man of fame ;
All filled with patriotic zeal,
He gave his country service real.

His patriotism he first proved
To his sad mother, who was moved
When hearing that he longed to be
A midshipman out at sea.

Her countenance was dark and sad ;
It pained her heart to see the lad
So eager, fearless, and so brave
To no doubt make the sea his grave.

Heart filled with sympathetic love
Which has its source in heaven above,
He proved his patriotism true,
Saying to her, "I'll not leave you."

His noble spirit burned within ;
Fired with ambition to begin
A noble work which God ordained ;
He started out and heights attained.

A skillful surveyor was he,
Just as alert as he could be,

O'er mountains high and valleys low
He made his way, and hardships bore.

A soldier bold, a soldier brave,
Undaunted, fearless to his grave,
He stood not shivering with fear,
But fought his way, though dark and drear.

For seven years, he stood unswerved,
Never lost hope, was ne'er unnerved,
But kept his eyes upon the goal
For which he strove with heart and soul.

Oh, what a lesson we should glean
From this great man, whose life was clean.
To-night we celebrate his birth
With flags, colonial garbs and mirth.

Patriotism begun at home,
And well established in hearts warm,
Inspires the soul and helps defend
The fireside, church, and state and friend.

APOSTROPHE TO BAD PASSION.

FAREWELL, Bad Passion, get you hence,
With you I'll use my common sense,
For you don't mean to treat me right;
Your way is just as dark as night.

To me I thought you very dear,
But found your way so dark and drear

That when I thought I'd reached my goal,
You, sinful Passion, pained my soul.

What held you tightly in your palm
While walking with me arm in arm?
'T was something with destructive power
A-wrecking my life every hour.

Can you imagine what you've done
That's made my life a wretched one?
You've led me in the path of wrong,
O Passion! Passion! go along.

My mother told me years ago,
That you would give me pain and woe
If I would listen to your plea;
And sacrifice my life to thee.

I turned away from her advice,
Thinking that your way would suffice;
I followed you until I found
That you, bad Passion, had me bound.

I used to love your way the best;
In it I found no peace nor rest.
Now I have giv'n my heart to God,
And for his cause I'll labor hard.

I do remember well to-day,
When first I entered in your way.
You said that you would soon unfold
To me mysterious joys untold.

I followed you for many years,
But every step increased my tears.
I worshipped you until I could
Not serve my Master when I should.

O go away, I cannot bear
To face you with that fearful glare;
Your actions tell me that you meant
To torture me till life was spent.

Now don't you ever cross my path,
For I must surely meet God's wrath,
If I to you these moments give
In sinful folly while I live.

I saw Bad Passion move away
With steady steps, without delay,
He looked at me as if to say,
There'll be a more convenient day.

And now, dear Lord, I come to thee
With perfect faith and liberty,
Do make me strong without, within.
For Bad Passion will come again.

SOME FACTS ABOUT DR. L. K. WILLIAMS,
TH. B.,

*Pastor of Mt. Gilead Baptist Church, Ft. Worth,
Texas.*

ALL brimming full of energy,
Intelligence and thrift,

Is the man whom I shall present.
He has a valued gift
Of rarest quality and worth,
And rightly cultivated.
This talent which came with his birth.
His life illuminated.

And if I were a painter skilled,
With careful hand I'd paint
A picture of his peerless soul;
Nor would I tire nor faint,
But express every quality
That his calm soul possess,
And show the rare and hidden traits
Which assured his success.

Unfortunately I cannot
In this way him portray,
But with my pen I'll do my best,
In a poetic way.
Exaggeration I'll not use,
But facts simple and true;
Nor will I try you to confuse,
For this I never do.

He makes "haste slowly" as he climbs
To prominence and fame;
And struggles upward to the mark
Which he has for his aim.
"Undaunted faith and courage bold!"
Is the slogan he uses;

Then marches he to grasp and hold
Whatever good he chooses.

The beauty of intelligence
Makes bright his countenance;
His eyes, the "windows of his soul,"
Will thoughtful ones convince
That high ideals possess his mind
And will his life control,
For with true eloquence he makes
Impressions on the soul.

A planner in a class alone,
Of rare artistic skill,
"A mind to work" that does not fail,
Strong faith and iron will.
These qualities of sterling worth
Are lifting him to heights
Where great men have by faith attained,
And shone like beacon lights.

A classy pulpитеer is he,
Spiritually inclined;
The Holy Ghost his director;
Like dynamite confined,
Explodes and penetrates the soul,
And wrecks that inward sin
That so often misleads a man
While holding sway within.

Uncompromisingly he stands
'Gainst sin and fornication;

For between righteousness and wrong
There can be no relation."
A line was drawn between the two
And this sign placed upon it:
"No tresspassing, neither of you,"
Commanded the Infinite.

O for a few more men to preach
The gospel truth and live it;
Men who will not waste precious time,
But to God's service give it.

STAY WITH YOUR RACE.

STAY with your race, O Negro man,
And help it to succeed;
Stay with it, 'tis a part of you;
Its progress don't impede.

Stay with your race when you have won
Some prominence and fame;
Let not prosperity be used
Your passions to inflame.

Stay with the women of your race
They're good enough for you;
Don't worship at another's shrine,
But to your own be true.

Don't leave your race to others seek,
For those you leave behind,
It has enough things to endure
From prejudice unkind.

When you have become prominent,
And hold a famous place,
Don't spurn the one who helped you up,
Nor find fault of the race.

Stay with your race for you may fall
And have your sins to reap,
Then your best friends in other ranks
May shun you while you weep.

O let your race be your ideal,
You can no higher go,
For when it has a bad mishap
It hurts you too, you know.

The word *Negro* includes us all,
The high as well as low;
And you'll be recognized as such
No matter where you go.

You may be brown, you may be bleached,
You may be white as snow,
But if there's Negro blood in you,
In some way it will show.

A TRIBUTE TO THE B. Y. P. U. OF MT.
GILEAD CHURCH, FORT
WORTH, TEXAS.

THE PRESIDENT'S RIDE.

In a progressive Chariot the president rides
He is drawn by eight horses, in which he confides.

Eight reins, four in each hand, he manfully holds,
And his great flag of valor his bearer unfolds.

Each horse has a crown that is brilliant and new.
With these letters engraved in them: "B. Y. P. U."
The pledge of the Union is well fixed in mind,
And the objects well stated and clearly defined.

Just one move and a crack of the president's whip
Make these steeds dart away like a crest-riding
ship.

"To the heights, to the top of the hill!" is his cry;
"Ye captains and leaders, get ready and fly!"

The bright beams of loyalty glow in their faces;
They speed to the heights with no slack in their
traces,

And scale the high mountain of fortune and fame
Where they build for the Union an honorable
name.

The two foremost horses are noted for speed;
They pull well together, and they will succeed.
For they are reliable and have attained
The heights of our confidence which were or-
dained.

The next to the foremost has been truly tried;
The president smiles when he sees how they
glide

Up the slope of the mountain with efforts untired,
With great force of progress and ambitions fired.

The next span of horses are willing to show
That they are ambitious and ready to go,
At the will of the president, who is their guide.
Their good work and energy can't be denied.

Then next come the wheel horses, noble and true,
Who know how to pull for the B. Y. P. U.
They are ever loyal and ready to skip
Up the heights at a glance of the president's whip.

And this is the president's song as he goes;
The song he is singing, the whole Union knows,
As he drives to the goal with his spirited noise,
In efforts to save all the young girls and boys.

"Come, Lewis and Lawrence, and Sadie and Eva!
We must scale the heights to the goal now or
never;

Come, Ellis and Logans, and Finnie and Mamie,
And show to the world that you're plucky and
gamey."

So the president rides, and swiftly he glides
In his progressive chariot with joy and pride;
His aim at the top of the mountain is true,
And he'll surely land with the B. Y. P. U.

THIRTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF MT.
GILEAD BAPTIST CHURCH, NOVEMBER
26, 1911.

My friends, come, let us take a stroll,
And thirty-six long years unroll;

Let's note the events, great and small,
There's inspiration in them for all.

The wheel of progress is the key
That I shall use to make you see
The changes which these years have brought,
By men of wisdom, brain and thought.

They're Dr. Griggs and Dr. Hay,
And Dr. Jones, who paved the way;
Our Deacons Fowler, Crouch and Hines
Held up the hands of these divines.

The women too did well their parts;
They gave the work their hands and hearts.
Just as they do in all good work,
They never lag nor pine nor shirk.

The wheel of progress that stood still,
Hindered the work against God's will;
But He who saw the yoke they wore
Unlocked the wheel and let it go.

The wheel of progress made a turn,
And then their hearts begin to yearn
For righteousness and peace and love,
And blessings from the God above.

The future may've been dark to them,
But they had grace and plenty vim
To work and plead and beg and search,
Till they got means to build a church.

Determined and steadfast they grew,
And proved by works that they were true;
Directed by that unseen hand,
They bought a lot and this church planned.

The wheel of progress turned again,
Which brought about a change within
The hearts of them who had not stood
With those determined to do good.

The wheel of progress, round by round,
Brought in new ideas true and sound;
Old ideas vanished with the past.
They were too old; they could not last.

The wheel of progress spun and whirled,
And new edifices unfurled;
The old frame structures once admired
Gave 'way to brick ones now required.

So men with their new ideas came
And served the church with works and fame;
That they worked hard, we must admit,
For they had courage vim and grit.

They boldly strove and labored much
To build a new Mt. Gilead Church;
But God showed them that in His plan
The work was for another man.

No doubt they in a vision saw
The church that we are working for;

But, like God's leader from Nebo,
Viewed Canaan land but could not go.

The wheel of progress turned once more.
By faith we watched and prayed and lo!
A man of God, with grace and fame,
Resigned his church and to us came.

'Twas Dr. Williams, whom God sent,
And we were all quite confident
That he would build for us a church,
For this we know was needed much.

This fast decaying church, I'm told,
By friends, is thirty-six years old;
However old may be this frame,
We should perpetuate its name.

And now, my friends, you will not care
If I should take one moment rare
To pay due homage to this church,
In which we all have labored much.

Oh, sacred church! thy walls and pews
Will just a few more days be used;
We're planning a new edifice
For which we're making sacrifice.

Oh, pulpit, sacred and divine!
No mission is so true as thine;
Old and untidy though you be,
We all have due respects for thee.

Baptizing pool! we reverence thee;
Thou liquid grave! how dear to me.
Plunged in thy bosom out of sight,
Souls were baptized who found the light.

Thou, soul-reviving instrument,
From thee much music has been sent;
We'll give thee a vacation soon,
For thou art old and out of tune.

Farewell, thou tolling bell, farewell!
Thy story is too sad to tell;
With awe we've heard thy thrilling sound
In one sad note for miles around.

Now, friends and members, pray and work;
Our duty we should never shirk.
And while the wheel of progress rolls,
Let's build a modern church for souls.

THE TEMPLES OLD AND NEW.

Delivered at the Corner-Stone Laying of the Mt.
Gilead Church, Fort Worth, Texas.

MORE than two thousand years ago,
When David reigned as king,
A longing to build God a house
Within his soul did ring.

God said to him: "Thou shalt not build
This house, beloved one;

The temple that is in thy mind
Shall be built by thy son."

David grew old and passed away;
His soul went to its rest.
And Solomon reigned in his stead,
For it was God's request.

King Solomon the temple planned
In the name of the Lord;
To build a cheap house for his God
He could not well afford.

Hiram, his friend, said unto him:
"I heard about thy plan;
I'll send timbers from Lebanon,
And help you all I can."

So Hiram sent to Solomon
Great cedar trees of worth;
And in return received supplies
Of wheat, the best on earth.

By mutual aid he did succeed
The temple built was grand;
For everything was fixed just like
King Solomon had planned.

It measured sixty cubits long,
And twenty cubits wide;
And thirty cubits high. It was
Exact on every side.

The porch before the temple was
Twenty cubits in length;
This added to the edifice
Rare beauty, grace and strength.

No hammer, ax, nor iron tools
Were by the builders used;
To build God's house with iron tools
King Solomon refused.

The stones were hewn before they were
In this great structure placed;
The skilled Sidonians hewed them out
With precision and haste.

The house was built and overlaid
With quantities of gold.
No other house was ever built
As fine as this, I'm told.

Then came the dedication day,
And Solomon's great prayer;
His soul he poured out to the Lord,
Who heard and blessed him there.

He prayed to God to have respect
Unto that special prayer;
God promised to stay hard by him,
If he'd of sin beware.

God's glory filled the holy place,
So that the priests could not

Perform their duties, for his presence
Made sacred that spot.

My friends, behold Mt. Gilead Temple
That is being built;
And modern Solomon who planned it,
One who has no guilt.

The preacher who first planned to build it
Sleepeth in the grave
Like David; but made the preparation
And good counsel gave.

Dr. Williams caught the inspiration
And this temple planned;
God gave to him true faith and wisdom,
And a working band.

Every deacon, every member
Of this church must work;
For he tells them from the pulpit
That they cannot shirk.

No inactive, slothful member
Shall stop our progress;
If they cannot go on with us
They should now confess.

When I see these six great columns
With mine eyes intense,
I'm reminded of six valiant
Soldiers of defense.

See that beautiful roof-garden,
Elevated high
In the healthful, balmy breezes,
Sweeping through the sky!

You shall see the stained glass windows
Gleaming in the sun;
Every gleam will show God's presence,
Greeting every one.

It was thought that such a building
Was only a joke;
And such could not be erected
By the colored folk.

I can see the future glory
Of this modern church,
Shining out like rays of sunshine,
Seeking hearts to touch.

We have met, my friends, to see them
Lay the corner-stone
Of the new Mt. Gilead Temple,
Which we love and own.

It is sacred and it should be
Laid by Christian hands;
Men whose hearts are pure and stainless,
Keeping God's commands.

If Father Time or Accident
Destroy this Holy Shrine,

And friends and kindred come around
Seeking relics divine,

O may they find a record of
Our gifts sealed with this stone,
And it will other souls inspire
When we are dead and gone.

Sunday, August 11, 1912.

A GLOWING TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO
PROF. S. H. FOWLER AND THE MT.
GILEAD B. Y. P. U., FORT WORTH,
TEXAS.

HAVE you heard of the Mt. Gilead B. Y. P. U.
With its four noted sections so faithful and true?
The captains and leaders are thoroughly trained
To manage their sections with the knowledge
gained.

The Willing and Ready, a section of fame,
Puts forth every effort to prove well its name;
Mmes. Logans and Ellis are striving to show
That they have the habit of making things go.

The next is a section whose workers are good,
Its method for working is well understood;
'Tis the Ever Loyal that makes good reports,
It is led by Miss Fulcher and Miss Bertha Coats.

And now comes the "Big Thing," the True and the
Tried,

With Ever the leader and Mrs. Caldwell the guide;
You may say what you please, you may talk of
 defeat,
But the True and Tried section is sure hard to
 beat.

The fourth and last section we cannot forget,
'Tis the "Old Reliable," the biggest thing yet;
William Lewis, the captain, is so dignified
Because Mrs. Lawrence is the faithful guide.

The great study course of the B. Y. P. U.
Has Brother Quick Burton, one of the few
Young men, who is willingly giving his time
To teach Baptist doctrine, and warn against
 crime.

Prof. Steve Fowler, the president in charge,
Keeps warm in his bosom a heart that is large;
He treats all alike, and to all he is true,
And works with his might for the B. Y. P. U.

Members and leaders of the B. Y. P. U.,
Let us give Fowler honor; to him it is due.
Give him a few flowers before he is dead,
For by him we know we are carefully led.

Let us hold neither envy nor strife in our hearts
Against our president, who always imparts
Such wholesome instructions that uplift our band,
But rally around him and hold up his hand.

Let us work for the uplift of young girls and
boys,
To lighten their burdens and enhance their joys;
Let us lift up the fallen, and strengthen the weak,
Teach them to be humble, and lowly and meek.

Don't ever scorn those who cannot dress like you;
'Tis not the spirit of the B. Y. P. U.
Be careful, the seed that you sow with deceit
May spring up and your good intentions defeat.

Let all of your motives be good and sincere,
And prove to your leader that you have no fear
To heed his instructions and pay what is due,
For this is the life of the B. Y. P. U.

And now, president of the B. Y. P. U.,
Time is too limited to further pursue
The course I have taken to strengthen this band
Of the best set of workers throughout all the
land.

You were born for the place that you now hold
so well,
What the future still holds for you, we cannot
tell;
But we judge from the good we are doing today
That there's something in store for you not far
away.

EXPRESSED FEELINGS OF MRS. MATILDA
SMITH, FT. WORTH, TEX., AN AUNT OF
MRS. LULA HANSON EDMUNDS,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
OCT. 31, AT PARIS, TEX.

LIKE a midnight prowling thief,
Death, with cunning hand,
Stole from us a precious gem.
That shone in our land.

Pure and spotless was this gem,
Tender, young and gay,
Only twenty-one was she,
Making bright her way.

Lulu Edmunds was her name.
Loved by all, was she,
From her birth unto her death,
She was dear to me.

One small spark fell from this gem,
Nine months old, they say;
Sweet and promising is she,
Little Hilda May.

Left she here a husband true,
No doubt sad and grieved;
Clarence Edmunds is the one,
Who is now bereaved.

While her mother was away
In another town,

Angels bore her soul above,
Where she'll wear her crown.

Ah well, Death! your work is done,
You made cold her frame;
But her soul you cannot touch,
Nor destroy her name.

Yes, she's gone to realms above,
But we're glad to know
That her spirit has been washed
Whiter than the snow.

EXPRESSED FEELINGS OF MRS. A. C. EDMUNDS,
DAUGHTER OF THE DECEASED
WM. SCOTT, OF FORT WORTH, TEX.

Now, Death, whom shall you visit next
In our dear family?
And at what time may we expect
You as our company?

O say, thou uninvited guest!
What shocks and pains you give;
You heed not our earnest request
To let us longer live.

Only a little while ago,
You came so suddenly,
And with one fatal finished blow
Made sad our family.

'Twas father whom you gave a stroke
That chilled his feeble frame;
Into our little flock you broke,
And took away our claim.

My Brother Charley, Brother John,
Mother, Bess and I,
And little sister, Mamie Scott,
Were made to mourn and sigh.

But Jesus Christ, who once lived here,
Removed thy deathly sting,
So that a Christian needs not fear
To die and meet his King.

Our father, William Scott, has gone
To rest in that sweet clime,
Where health and peace are ever known;
To dwell with saints sublime.

Forever will his teachings be
My guide, my all, my own;
I'll ever keep them hard by me,
That my respects be shown.

THE PASSING OF BROTHER HENRY TOBIN.

ONE of God's lights, a shining beam,
A ray from Jesus Christ,
Has gone beyond the chilly stream
To realms of Paradise.

Realms in which he has found the source,
From which all blessings came;
The fountain whence he got his force
Before death chilled his frame.

His funeral was a simple one,
His friends a faithful few;
Life's battle hard he fought and won,
With heaven in his view.

No choir to chant the farewell hymn,
No floral offerings seen;
O, God, be merciful to them
For some are cold, I ween.

"Upon this rock I'll build my church,"
This text he found and preached;
These dying words impressed me much,
My aching heart they reached.

His wife and little daughter came,
While life was ebbing 'way;
He recognized them just the same,
And counselled them to pray.

—*By Request.*

A POEM OF SYMPATHY.

I know of a woman most comely and fair,
Yet bereaved of her husband and child;
She wears an expression exceedingly rare,
Which proves her to be very mild.

Like Ruth, she was faithful to the last,
But knowing that God knows best,
She is not worried about the things of the past,
Though they put her to a severe test.

May Arch-angels guide her in life's rugged path
And help her the burdens to bear;
May she ever endeavor to escape God's wrath
And of all entrapments beware.

May thoughts of the past give strength to her
soul,
And birth to new thoughts, good and true,
And may she not worry, but strive for the goal,
For God will her spirit renew.

In my heart much sympathy is stored
And reserved for those in distress;
This I must prove ere I have reached my abode
And stand before God and confess.

DRAW THE LINE.

Draw ye the line, Oh, Christian host,
And do not on large numbers boast;
But separate yourselves from men,
Who do not boldly condemn sin.

Draw ye the line direct and clear,
And do not hesitate and fear
To exclude all who do not stand
For righteousness as God has planned.

Draw ye the line of self-respect,
Your companions and friends select.
No doubt 'twill some one's feelings hurt,
But we should untrue friends desert.

Draw ye the line and on the side
Of righteousness and truth abide,
And stay there if it costs your life
To disapprove of sin and strife.

Draw ye the line that will exclude
Men of high ranks who will delude
The race, from whom they got their start,
Then for prosperity depart.

Draw ye the line that will divide
You from deceitful men who hide
At times when you expect them most,
To stand unswerved at duty's post.

Draw ye the line though hissed and scorned,
Don't join the world to be adorned
With worldliness for outward show,
But let the unreliable go.

Draw ye the line though friends be lost,
Don't hesitate nor count the cost;
For we are in the field to fight,
So don't expect to make a flight.

Draw ye the line, for God has frowned
Upon that class of men renowned

For piling up decaying wealth,
Which they have gained by craft and stealth.

Draw ye the line e'en in your homes,
And don't admit that class who roams
The districts of debauch and shame.
Then seek to wreck your family's name.

Now heed the lines inscribed above,
And let your hearts be filled with love
For purity and lives divine;
And this will help you draw the line.

A TRIBUTE TO THE LIFE OF THE LATE
DEACON E. HINES, OF THE MT. GILEAD
BAPTIST CHURCH, FT. WORTH, TEX.

Ah, Father Time! thy cycle keen
Has struck the fatal blow,
That in life's forest felled a tree
Which we shall see no more.

Nay, not on this terrestrial ball,
Nor in this world of sin,
Where howling winds doth bend and shake
The feeble frames of men.

But in that happy land of bliss,
Where God and angels dwell,
This faithful soul has gone to rest
In peace. There all is well.

Some souls have in this forest fell
That no doubt we all miss;
But who was not completely shocked
By such a fall as this?

Yea, ev'ry fibre in our frame
Was surely made to thrill
With pity, awe and tears of grief,
But it was God's own will.

Remember, friends, while standing by
The contribution table,
He said, "I may stand here no more,
For I may not be able."

Could you express your feelings when
He spoke those words so true?
Did not the fervor in those words
Leave some sad thought with you?

How torpid is that soul who can
Not feel that sacred fire,
Or Holy Ghost of Christians who
Are ready to retire!

Dear wife and relatives, weep not,
For he has gone above,
To join that great angelic host,
And sing the song of love.

Secret Fraternal friends, I say:
No grips nor pass-words can

Get his attention now, for he
Has left this earthly clan.

Rule on, thou God above, rule on!
Thy weapon here with power
Is striking down our choicest gems
In some way, ev'ry hour.

OUR HEROES.

My friend, I am a bard unknown,
Of African descent;
They call me Negro, that's all right;
'Tis him I represent.
The name does not depreciate
That patriotic zeal,
Or love I bear my countrymen,
Which is sincere and real.

Below I flash on canvas white
The heroes of my race;
Great optimists who saw the future
Blooming full of grace.
These men by their undying deeds
Have brought great things to past;
And they've received some recognition
From the world at last.

Their faithful work is not in vain,
For there are some results
Of their heroic acts and deeds

Yet living 'midst insults;
Their lives have proved that faith and works
Will uplift any race
Who is determined to rise up
From folly and disgrace.

Behold Fred Douglass on the scene,
An orator of fame,
Born in a lowly cabin, yet,
Built for himself a name.
Some inward feeling forced his soul
To rise up and decry
The promoters of slavery,
Whose lash he did defy.

He stirred the land of England
With lectures that did appeal
To gentlemen of note, who praised
His noble wit and zeal;
With eloquence he lifted them
To realms where men are men,
Where't makes no difference about
The color of the skin.

Permit me now to change the scene
To hero number two;
Paul Laurence Dunbar sang his songs
Of "Lowly life" to you.
"When Lindy sings" and "Drowsy Day"
Have made a lasting hit;
"Ere sleep comes down to soothe the eyes"
Shows his uncommon wit.

He went to England too and sang
His "Lyres of lowly life;"
Men heard his great poetic soul
Ring like the shrill tones of fife.
They looked beyond his slender frame
To his immortal soul,
And saw therein a precious gem,
Which men did fain extol.

Scene number three presents to you
A man of humble birth;
The most successful Negro man
That ever lived on earth.
'Tis Booker Washington, the man
Who stirred the nations wide
With ideas that give the race
The greatest hope and pride.

By using his best common sense
And power to persuade,
Great men of wealth and noble hearts
To him attention paid;
And when their confidence he'd gained,
Their money freely went
To help support the Institute
Of which he's president.

Let's change the scene to one who is
Our literary choice;
A literary genius is
W. B. Du Bois.
He drank like other geniuses

From pierian spring,
And we shall ever hail him as
Our literary king.

Then Thomas Fortune's brilliancy
Is spreading o'er the land,
Illuminating gloomy souls,
Who need a helping hand.
To lift them from despondency
To heights encouraging,
Where ignorance can never tread,
For success rules as king.

The next is Dr. E. C. Morris,
A leader of note;
With the united Baptist host
To greatness without noise.
And energy and will,
They have condemned the pessimist
For being hopeless still.

Thank thee, O Heroism, for thy tributes
To the race.
By thee our men have met life's problems
Bravely, face to face.
May thy great spirit be inspiring
To our coming boys,
That they may take a steady move

He claims to hold the fort.
He holds the gavel in his hand

And raps for order, and
Nearly three million Baptists bow
Their heads at his command.

We have another genius that
Is budding into fame;
A young man of intelligence
Whom we shall always claim,
As a product of Texas blood;
"A chip from the old block."
'Tis S. E. Griggs, an author, who
Came from no common stock.

Then comes the Dr. R. H. Boyd,
A great founder is he;
Who planned the famed publishing house
In Nashville, Tennessee.
This house publishes literature
That Negro brains produce,
Which is sent out in quantities
Each month, for our use.

A man of God comes on the scene,
A Christian too is he;
A great divine of moral strength
Is the Bishop Tyree.
A power in both thought and deed,
Rich in experience;
And one of the best traits of all
He uses common sense.

The Bishop Grant, whose sacred frame
Lies moulding in the clay,

Comes on the scene with noiseless steps,
A soul in white array.
His glowing deeds and acts divine
With us shall always live;
His life we'll try to emulate,
And best attention give.

And there are other heroes too,
Whose deeds shine like the sun;
I think the whole world needs to know
What these brave men have done.
Many heroic deeds are done
Without one word of praise;
Yet we enjoy the fruits they bear
In many diff'rent ways.

I've no respect for brutal strength,
When used by men for praise;
Such should never be used at all
In these enlightened days
By the athletes, who punish men
To make sport for the world;
For such the guilty should be tried,
And into prison hurled.

But James B. Parker should be praised
For his heroic deed;
He struck a blow that downed a fiend
Right in the time of need.
He struck the patriotic blow
The president to save.

But James is dead, and I am sure
A hero fills his grave.

You'll not forget the infantry
That marched up San Juan Hill;
Unhesitatingly they climbed
Their duties to fulfill.

It had been said that they would flee
When guns began to fire,
But ah, the record made by them
The world must now admire.

Have we inventors in our race?
Indeed we have! just wait.
Elijah McCoy heads the list
With patents twenty-eight;
Lubricating appliances for engines
He improved;
'Twas by this modern invention
That the whole world was moved.

Granville T. Wood (Black Edison),
Electrician of fame,
Thought out electric mysteries
And made patents for same.
He made improvements on important
Instruments of use.
This clearly shows you what the brain
Of Negroes can produce.

George Murry, an ex-Congressman
And an inventor too,

Emancipated without parents,
He forged his way through.
And now he's stirring the whole South
With eloquent appeals,
In ev'ry nook and ev'ry crook
He's preaching "Race Ideals."

O Heroism, sacred flame
That sets the soul afire,
Thou givest to determined men
Whatever they desire;
Thou hast rushed them into the very
Jaws of death, and there
They stood unmoved at duty's post
Without fear or despair.

Death even stares at thee surprised
Before it undertakes
To grasp thee with its mighty claws
And thy gallantry 'wakes.
Thy mighty deeds are recognized
By God, the Infinite,
For thou art ev'ry Christian's hope
And his chief requisite.

O deeds of heroism's strength,
How shine they like the sun!
What everlasting monuments of fame
That they have won!
By blood and brain and faultless work,

LOVE'S EXPRESSION.

Ho! there pretty maiden;
Whither goest thou
With thy cheeks a glowing,
And thy ardent brow?

Fairest among women,
And stylish art thou;
I would like to win thee,
But I don't know how.

Intellect the brightest,
Charming art thy ways;
Talented and gifted,
As can be found these days.

Comfort me with kindness,
For I'm sick of love;
Not fickled nor lustful,
But like that above.

Sweeter is thy singing
Than the nightingale's;
Blessed art thou by Nature
With a voice that never fails.

Beautiful and sky-blue
Are thy charming eyes;
Not a spot nor blemish
In them to disguise.

Teeth like snow thou showest,
Pearls of lustre fine;
Life so pure and simple
Makes thee look divine.

Thy heart must be honest;
Else thou could not be
Loved by everybody,
And worshiped by me.

FIRST LOVE.

No impression is made so deep
As the one made by first love;
No strong passion through you can creep
Like it, for it's from above.

It is a spark from that great gem
Of love, which God has made pure;
It has been tried by rigid means,
But it will always endure.

How cold and torpid seems the one,
Who has been warmed by its flame;
But failed to recognize its worth,
Or good to them when it came.

The heart in some way was deprived,
Or kept away from its choice;
Or it was forced to take some one
O'er whom it could not rejoice.

No man nor maiden can forget
The early pangs of first love;
It sticks, it stays, it holds the place,
Its effects time cannot move.

Blessed are they who now enjoy
The fruits of youthful first love;
They're fixed to live in harmony,
Like God and angels above.

But O, what wretchedness one feels,
When he has failed by slighting
The one whom God ordained for him.
How painful and benighting!

I do believe without a doubt,
That early, youthful first love
Makes the deepest impressions on
The soul, which time cannot move.

Many a modern thinker has
Upon this subject pondered.
But all his theories have failed,
And afterwards he wondered.

Scientists are baffled by the term,
"First love." They try to reason,
That youthful passions are but dreams,
Or fancies for a season.

But Cupid's arrow naturally
Goes deepest in hearts tender;
The arrow-head baptized in love,
Makes any youth surrender.

But how the arrow-head rebounds
When it strikes hearts so hardened
By intellect, age and mistrust,
Which Cupid leaves unpardoned.

'Tis like religion got in youth,
Entwines with hearts so tender;
And builds him up for usefulness,
Magnificence and splendor.

COMPANIONSHIP.

Supply the heart which seeks companionship
With one whom it can truly love and trust;
That it may from the purest fountain sip,
Before you are returned to Mother Dust.

Be very careful that you do not spurn
Your ideal who may come to you disguised;
Your pleading heart will surely cry and burn,
And by it you will be rightly advised.

Prepare your heart for that awful love shock,
That soon or late may seize you with surprise;
Then all your future visions it will mock,
And to them you will have to compromise.

Some one, no doubt, is pining for your love,
Whose heart is heaving long and restless
sighs;

Some one is waiting patiently to prove
That confidence in you within him lies.

I know your heart is pleading 'gainst your will,
For its ideal whom God alone ordained;
So let it have its way that it might fill
The soul with love by which it is sustained.

We oft'ntimes look too high to well succeed,
And fail to see the goal within our reach;
The heart with fickle promises we feed,
And it so many harmful things we teach.

But ah! the soul cries out with threats and
groans:

"Give me the balm which soothes the troubled
breast."

And then it sighs with such distressful moans,
That we find it impossible to rest.

O how distressfully beats the sad heart,
When one against its earnest plea resists!
'Tis useless to bid inward worries part,
Since the soul for companionship insists.

How strive the great contestants now within,
True love against procrastination strives
To conquer that which it has longed to win
Of which the thief of time so soon deprives.

What strange passions seize the helpless frame,
When first the eyes are cast upon the one

Whom all the forces in our nature claim
For its reward, which it has rightly won.

There is a time and season to all things;
Be careful for the two are flying fast.
They both fly with their swift and speedy wings,
And will a dreary gloom upon you cast.

WOMAN.

Woman!
A better term for female kind
Will ne'er on earth be given;
Though we may search with thought and care,
Till patient outworn and riven.
The dripping essence of that word
Is healthful, sweet and pure;
Each drop is sacred love that will
Eternally endure.

The magic power in it is God's
Mystery divine;
That influential mystic touch of
Woman will refine.
The very roughest characters,
With vain and uncouth ways,
Respect her, when upon her moral charms
They peer and gaze.

Woman, fair woman! Who is she?
A Holy Image once deceived,

Afterwards purified;
A saint of whom the Christ was born,
And later glorified.
The sacred soil from which a mighty
Future race should come,
Is woman, that fair instrument,
Who makes the happy home.

If man's successful, 'tis because
Woman has made him so;
Without her aid no doubt the man
Would fall to rise no more.
A tender touch from woman's hand
Will give him vim and grit;
He'll rise up from his stupor
And among the great men sit.

No fine church edifices would grace
The city or the town;
At no time could we point to men
Of glory and renown,
If women did not give to them
The energy and zeal;
And cheer them up when they are "blue,"
To make life seem more real.

How blessed are the women who
Give to the world great men!
The noble blood that fills her veins,
And tender heart within,
Has produced heroes in our land,
Of whom we should be proud;

And when we give them honor,
We should sing their praises loud.

Oh woman, be thou ever closed in virtue's
Holy Shrine!

But let your moral light through all
The windows brightly shine.

Those brilliant beams will deep impressions
On the masses make;

And they will worship you for your own
Name and virtue's sake.

Thou hast the power to redeem man
From a lowly state.

Then why don't thou redeem him now?

Why wilt thou longer wait?

If thou wilt cling to virtue true,

With all thy pow'r and might,

Men will rise up to protect thee,

When thou art in the right.

Thou art responsible for man's first

Hard and dreadful fall;

The debt was made, but Christ came here

And died to pay it all.

But He is gone to Heav'n above while

Man is falling still;

He gave to thee redeeming love

To save him if thou wilt.

When God in heaven shall declare

That time shall be no more,

And when we hear that thrilling sound
From Gabriel's trumpet flow,
Let all the women who are Christians
Form a mighty band,
And lead the host of valiant men
Into the promised land.

DORINE.

Ho, Dorine! thou sweet lily, all refreshed with
morning dew;
My heart is panting, soul is yearning for the love
of you.

Last night I dreamed of you, and O, what bliss-
ful joys untold,
Came streaming into my lone heart to your sweet
love unfold;
I thought I saw you walking slowly through the
land of dreams,
Whose brilliant lights were sending forth their
many golden beams;
And ev'ry beam of that fair land directly fell on
thee;
Then thou reflected them in smiles which thou
let fall on me.

Yes, I received from thee sweet smiles, the es-
sence of thy love;
The drippings from that holy spring of that fair
land above.

I drank and drank, but never tired, for it was
fresh and fine;
The taste was just as royal as that miraculous
wine.

Down on my knees I fell and stretched forth my
strong arms to thee;
Thy throbbing heart could not resist, for thou
came unto me,
And fell into these waiting arms which prest thee
to my heart;
And this I whispered in thy ear: "Love, we shall
never part."

Our two hearts beat in harmony each stroke the
meter kept,
And when I told my love to thee, O how you
sighed and wept;
Those crystal tears flowed freely down and on
thy heaving breast
Were gathered. Then thou fell asleep and took
thy peaceful rest.

But ah! Dorine, we were disturbed, I heard a call
so rude,
Which made me shudder while enwrapt in that
delightful mood;
I then awoke and found that it was just a
pleasant dream,
And yet I hope that dreams come true and be
just what they seem.

THE FIERY GIRL.

Have patience with the fiery girl;
Do not keep her too close.

She's born with fire and energy,
Which have a terrible force.

By careful hands she must be taught
To use her energy;
For usefulness of great effect;
But give her liberty.

The greatest men of power and brain
Had fiery passions too;
But by these passions they have brought
Some hidden things to view.

The modern thought is not to hold
A girl with a tight grasp;
Nor try to crush her energy
By life-destroying task.

Direct her energy to good;
Be not too rough nor mean.
Be patient, and be careful, for
Some good results you'll glean.

How can you tell what's in a girl
Until she has been tried?
You cannot tell what she will do
'Till she leaves your fireside.

You've seen them kept under the lash
'Till they were grown; and then
Those smothered flames of energy
Brought forth a horrid sin.

Some sins of yours that have been crushed
Will burst forth in her life
Like a volcanic eruption,
Caused by an inward strife,

The best instructions I can give
To you, my friend, is this:
Teach moral lessons to a girl
Before she is called Miss.

Begin these lessons when she's one,
And teach them 'til she's twelve;
Then daily lessons to her give,
And in her heart they'll dwell.

That fiery passion can't be helped;
That energy and vim
Were given her by nature's hand,
And she will 'tend to them.

There's no such thing as "whipping out"
The "meanness" of a child;
You add more fuel to the flames
That once were burning mild.

These observations I have giv'n
My precious time and thought;

And great results may be derived,
If they are rightly taught.

A HAPPY HOME.

Tell me what makes a happy home,
Where consecrated love
Makes sacred every cabin, and
Sanctioned by God above?

Is it the costly things of life,
Or riches piled in heaps;
That make a home happy and bright,
And out of danger keep?

Are happy homes made by wrecked lives,
Or unmatched married ties,
Or by a wife who cannot show
Some kindness in her eyes?

Can any home be happy when
The woman pays the bills,
And lets her husband idly go,
Caring not for her ills?

Or can it be, the man works hard
To satisfy his wife,
While she makes home a wretched place
By her ungrateful life?

The man and wife should love the same;
If this cannot be done,

'Tis like a cart built for two wheels,
But tries to go on one.

Home is a place where man and wife,
In unity and love,
Are happy when the days are dark,
Then nuptial tie they prove.

Home is the place where children love
To go and be at rest;
They hover 'round their mother's knee,
For mother knows the best.

Home is the place where prayer is taught
To children in their youth;
They learn to be obedient,
And learn to tell the truth.

Home is the place where father goes
Before the clock strikes nine;
He meets his wife, whose face is bright,
And tells her she looks fine.

Home is the place where mother loves
To spend most of her time.
Her house is not a place in which
There're misery and crime.

I'm sorry for the man who has
No place to call his home;
But has to take what he can get,
Or in this wide world roam.

The days of preparation pass,
And yet he cannot see
That worldly pleasures steal his wit,
And give him misery.

O happy home, O blessed home!
Made sacred by God's love;
I hope that I'll remember thee
When I am up above.

FATHER SUN AND MOTHER EARTH.

Father Sun, and Mother Earth,
Each is of a Godly birth;
One to transmit to the other
That which comforts a good mother.

Every necessary comfort
Father Sun transmits to Earth,
Is returned to Him in offsprings,
Beautiful and full of mirth.

Yes, he spreads his mantle o'er her,
Sunny rays of warmth and gold;
Smiles he through the clouds above her,
Glad her beauty to behold.

She returns the smiles in blossoms,
Beautiful of golden tint.
Gold the essence of his mantle
That he from the heavens sent.

By his warmth of ardent fervor
Sent directly to the earth,
We receive the blessings from him
That keep back the dreadful dearth.

But sometimes we feel forsaken,
When the dark clouds hide his rays,
Leaving us to battle with the
Cold and bleakish, wintry days.

Yet, when chances are presented,
Through the crevices he smiles;
Sweeter then are they than ever,
Though away millions of miles.

Full six months sometimes he lingers
In the far and distant South;
Many times the rain is hindered,
Causing a distressful drouth.

Yet, he leaves with us this message:
"Never thou impatient be.
When I've reached my southern limit,
I will come nearer to thee."

Mother Earth infolds her dear ones
In her bosom to secure
Them from rough and frigid weather,
For the cold they can't endure.

We too get our share of comfort
By our labor, if we save

That which Earth has given to us
With instructions to behave.

So the Sun in matrimony

Took to him for wife, the Earth;
Which bears fruits of all descriptions,
Some are valued at great worth.

CHILDREN.

As the dear old Mother Earth
Gives to trees and flowers birth,
Aided by the warmth of sun
By whom she was wooed and won,
So the human mother gives
Birth to children while she lives;
And the father, good and true,
For their comfort will endure.

As the tender branches grow,
And the zephyr breezes blow,
Giving health and strength to each,
While with leafy hands they reach;
So the little babies grow
While God's blessings on them flow,
Giving each instinct to learn
Things for which their hearts do yearn.

How sweetly the baby smiles,
When the mother reconciles
It with kind and soothing words,
And its form she safely girds.

Don't get angry if it cries
While into the crib it lies;
It has troubles of its own,
And by crying they are known.

Mark the woman who does not
Love and cheer a little tot;
She is dangerous and vain,
Sly, distrustful and insane.

Some would rather nurse a dog,
Play with cats or pet a hog;
Live disgraceful and defiled,
Than to rear a loving child.

Ah, we pray to God in vain,
And do not our heights attain
When we take not time to raise
Children trained to give God praise.

Oh, the sweetness of a child,
Tender, innocent and mild!
Jesus laid his hands on them
When they were brought unto him.

And the world; what will it be
If the woman fails to see,
That upon her it depends
For the child she trains and sends?

TAMPERING WITH THE MARRIAGE TIE.

Don't tamper with the marriage tie;
For danger and disgrace,

And no doubt death may be your lot;
And next, God's dreadful face.

Some think it smart, some think it grand,
Some think that they succeed,
When by their charms and cunning plans
They make some poor heart bleed.

The eyes are blind, the wit unkeen,
That cannot see the ball
Or blade of steel that lay in wait
To serve death's dreadful call.

That strong desire of lustful flesh
Drives the bad passions wild,
Into some peaceful home to rob,
And wreck lives undefiled.

To wreck a home that love has made
Is highway robbery.
By brutish means you steal the gem
That made the family.

The woman who will alienate
The husband of a sweet
And cheerful wife of innocence,
Will some day worse things meet.

The man who yields to such a one
Has need of self-control
Over his passions, which increase
The longing of his soul.

'Tis foolishness of him who says,
 'I've just found my soul's mate;"
Then shamefully mistreats his wife
 For some gay reprobate.

A reprobate is one who seeks
 To break up family peace;
She cares not for the golden rule,
 Nor does her flirting cease.

But justice stands waiting for
 The woman or the man,
Who breaks the holy nuptial tie
 By some disgraceful plan.

So do not tamper with the tie
 That binds the man and wife;
For you are tampering with Death,
 And making cheap your life.

VIRTUE'S SYNONYM.

The synonym of virtue is
 A maiden pure and fair;
Whose chastity and self-respect
 Direct her way with care.

Where virtue has been neglected,
 No maiden can be true;
For when it's lost to lust of flesh,
 A rapid fall is sure .

Ah maiden! hold to that which God
Has given you to keep;
As long as breath keeps warm your frame,
Don't let it from you creep.

The greatest evil of the day,
That's shocking nations wide,
Is carelessness of maidens, who
Do not with virtue 'bide.

When virtue's lost, that honored name
Is lost with it, you know;
It can't be gotten back again
Just as it was before.

You'll weep and wail in misery;
The tears will freely flow;
But nothing can replace that name
Just as it was before.

Now is the time to virtue hold;
Don't let it get away;
Just hold to it with all your might,
'Twill bring sunshine some day.

Pay no attention to those smiles,
Nor cute ways to deceive;
They'll stain that maiden purity
With sin that'll make you grieve.

Humanity is being devoured
By worldliness and shame;

'Tis all because our women do
Not hold to their good name.

Rome was the Mistress of the world,
Till she her virtue lost;
She was surprised when she began
The counting up the cost.

Social corruption took the place
That virtue once enjoyed,
And swayed the sceptre of despair,
Which Rome could not avoid.

So lustful passions take the place
Of virtue, pure and fair;
And steals a maiden's purity,
Leaving her in despair.

When Lust comes in Virtue goes out;
The two cannot agree.
Virtue brings peace and quietness,
While Lust brings misery.

O Virtue, would to God that thou
Didst live in every home!
Then would the family be true,
And brighter days would come.

Hold up the flag of purity,
Ye women of our race!
And fight against temptations bold,
That meet you face to face.

BISSEXTILE.

The Leap Years come and enliven the souls
Of bachelor girls, like the wind does the coals
That are smouldering under the ashes so grey,
Awaiting a chance to shoot forth a ray;
Or a spark of love, by Cupid the god,
And set aflame hearts that are so cold and hard.

O how the breast of a bachelor heaves
When cupid around his stupid heart weaves—
A love-tangled net, complicated and strong;
Then serenades him with a powerful song!

Those love pangs of youth come with leaps and
with bounds,
And knock the man out in just one or two
rounds;
Then a woman stands over him counting the
time,
And making the counts with the heart-beats to
rhyme.

Like an old-time machine set aside to decay,
That cannot compete with the ones of today;
Are gathered together and sold out for junk,
So the bachelor and maid who've lost all their
spunk.

But mind you! this junk can be moulded anew;
The defects all polished to be kept from view;

Then put on the market, like some are tonight,
With faces all painted and cheerful and bright.

God has made a help-mate for all, I am told;
No matter how ugly, how young, nor how old.
But some are so foolish to try to select
The mate of another, whom they can't respect.

One should find his own mate, regardless of cost;
In failing to do this, just think what is lost:
A tonic, a love-balm, for mind and for heart,
A solace, a comfort, a soul-stirring art.

MAN, WOMAN AND THE SERPENT.

Marriage, the Holy Tie of God,
Was begun in creation;
He made a woman of man's rib
To make the combination.

Flesh of man's flesh, bone of man's bone,
To make the combination;
He made her prettier than man
To attract his attention.

All God had made to please the man;
The heavens and earth in motion.
The insects, fowls and animals
Did not get man's devotion.

So woman was made for the man;
Out of his side was she taken.

Clay of man's clay, flesh of man's flesh,
Breath of man's breath, He made her.

The only enemy of man
At that time was a serpent;
He conversed with the woman, and
Some idle time with her spent.

The man was absent at the time,
For had he then been present,
The serpent then would not have told
Her that the fruit was pleasant.

The serpent knew the woman's heart;
He knew that she loved beauty.
And when she craved the pleasant fruit
To eat, thought she, 'tis duty.

He magnified the beauty of
The apples, just to fool her;
She then pulled one and took a bite,
And called her husband to her.

The silly man came walking up,
And bewitched by her beauty,
Was soon caught in the serpent's net,
Which kept him from his duty.

Late in the evening, God came down,
And called for man whom He had made.
He and his wife sat sad and 'lone
Under the apple tree shade.

God asked the man about the fruit,
But man said it was his wife
Who urged him so to eat the fruit;
Said she, "It'll not take your life."

God said to man, "Thou surely shalt eat
Bread by the sweat of thy brow."
Then called He the woman to him,
And said, "What hast thou done now?"

Said she, "The serpent beguiled me,
And I ate, so did man."
Said He, "Thou too shalt not escape
The punishment in my plan."

Then came the subtle serpent's turn;
Nothing of him was asked.
But God said, "I will put on you
A very rigid task."

"The seed of the woman," said He,
"Shall bruise the serpent's head."
From that day 'till this present time,
The devil has misled.

THE IDEAL GIRL.

Like pure gold refined seven times,
And from the dross is taken,
Is a refined and Christian girl,
Whose spirit is awaken

By moral longings of the soul;
The elements of strength,
That lift her high above reproach,
To her ambitious length.

Ambitions which cannot be crushed,
Tho' earth with sin entice;
If from a loyal heart they come
To help and sacrifice.
Her outward costume may not glare,
Nor her physique attract;
But in her heart a record's made
Of every moral act.

She's like a very precious stone,
Wrapped in some rugged form;
Unnoticed, walked around and spurned,
The surface has no charm;
But ah! there lies within that form
A sparkling diamond pure.
Investigate, and you will find
In her a heart as true.

She stands a monumental stone
Amid abuse and jeers;
No loud, "hurrahs" from men received,
But in her soul she hears
Applause, from angels above,
And 'round God's glittering Throne,
Where peace and unity abide,
And love lives on and on.

TURN LOOSE THAT HEART.

O girl, turn loose that heart of thine that many
 long to win;
Turn loose that precious jewel that beats rest-
 lessly within.
The breast of one true woer now is heaving rest-
 less sighs,
And pleading for its mate, its own, in mournful,
 ceaseless cries.

Enclosed within a vault of steel, does thy heart
 seem to be;
But rest assured, my lady dear, that some one
 has the key
That will unlock that vault, which keeps that
 valued gem confined;
And it's the very key I know that Providence
 destined.
Canst thou at ease live to thyself when some one
 seeks thy hand,
Whose heart is crying for repose and love that
 will expand
As long as warmth shall permeate the fibers of
 thy frame?
E'en when thou shalt from this life depart, thou'll
 be loved just the same.

Thou art a true and noble girl, pure as a faultless
 rose;
A man will have to be the same to win that love
 of yours.

Such men are scarce, but there is one whom
thou canst love and trust;
To spurn them all would not be right, but hurt-
ful and unjust.

MARRIAGE IN CREATION.

On the sixth day of creation,
Just before His finished plan,
God deferred His recreation
Until He had made a man.

Everything gave satisfaction.
Earth and heavens all complete.
Nothing brought about a faction,
For the workmanship was neat.

In the garden east of Eden,
Put He man whom He had made.
Of all the fruits he could have eaten,
Except that which He forbade.

This franchise did not suffice man;
He was lonesome pining 'way.
And he wondered, why in God's plan
He was left alone to stay.

All the beasts were matted rightly;
All the birds happy and gay.
And the insects, gay and sprightly,
Sang to drive man's gloom away.

But the man still gloomy, dreary,
Looked upon these things and frowned;
For they made his spirit weary,
And in them no joy he found.

Then they met again in council.
(Father, Son and Holy Ghost)
There they planned for man a helpmeet,
"For," said they, "we love him most."

Then God put the man asleeping,
And a rib was taken out;
Made He woman for his keeping,
This pleased him without a doubt.

When the man awoke and saw her
Lying gently by his side,
His affection kindled for her,
And with her he did abide.

But the woman, freak and cunning,
Wanted everything she saw;
This set Adam's mind a turning,
And he broke God's holy law.

Farther on in God's creation,
We see Isaac strolling way
'Cross the fields in meditation,
Praying for a wife each day.

Farther still, in God's creation,
We see Jacob at the well;

He had reached his destination,
When on Rachel's neck he fell.

Ruth, the faithful in creation,
Showed much wisdom in her plan;
Then for marriage correlation,
Woman woos as well as man.

Thus it goes in all creation;
No man likes to be alone.
And we find in every nation,
That this work is going on.

LOVE AN INWARD WORRY.

All out of sort is man, when love
Takes full control within;
And changes all his future plans,
Then starts him out again.

His mind is tangled like a web,
His soul within him cries
Just like a bird chirps for his mate,
When far away she flies.

He draws a long impatient breath,
And heaves a restless sigh;
His silly, worthless words escape,
For nothing they imply.

He soon retires but cannot sleep,
But turns and rolls and turns;

And then he smiles and frowns and groans,
His heart within him yearns.

"Oh worries, let me rest," says he;
"And let the sleep come down.
My soul is in a burning flame,
My face a fearful frown.

The dawn of day peeps in on him
After a sleepless night;
He rises, rubs his eyes and smiles,
And greets the morninng light.

Through all his daily work, he shows
His worries mixed with smiles;
A combination that reflects
His worthless plans in piles.

My friend, if you have never felt
The worries named above,
Just rest assured that you have not
As yet been stirred by love.

LOVE'S REQUISITE.

To get the essence of true love
And to its sweetness hold,
We must bear all the pains it gives
To be shaped in its mold.

True love requires great sacrifice
For its devotions true;

It conquers every mortal's heart
With happiness in view.

Only a few will undergo
Love's rigid requisites;
To taste the healthful fruits it bears
And all its benefits.

Love cares not for the gay costumes,
In such no heart can trust;
It spurns and scorns the finest dressed,
Who fan the flames of lust.

Those dreamy eyes and glowing cheeks
Are forces hard to shun;
But these will quickly fade away
Before a trying sun.

So many hearts are bleeding now,
And cheeks are pale and thin,
Because deception with its fangs
Of poison, works within.

Love is a flame that must be fed
With kindness from the start;
And every day add little more
To soothe the wanting heart.

It has a craving appetite,
That cannot be sufficed
By food unpleasant to the taste,
No matter how enticed.

It wanders lonely through the world,
Seeking with care to see
If this or that is its ideal,
And asking, "Is it he?"

And when discouraged in the search,
It takes a substitute;
But this will only last until
The one comes that will suit.

No power on earth, nor aught but death,
Can keep two souls apart,
Who are determined to unite
To satisfy the heart.

LOVE'S MISTAKES.

I saw a maiden tripping on,
So sprightly and so gay,
The distant hills echoed the song
That she sang on her way.

A Fairy from above, thought I,
Who must have lost her way;
But if she's lost, pray tell me why
She looks so blithe and gay?

I slightly made a noise to see
This maiden's charming eyes;
Her gaze just captivated me;
She's hard to realize.

Her form was perfect, face was fair, ..
A graceful walk had she;
Her queenly look and coal black hair
Just won my heart and me.

She vanished from my sight at once,
More quickly than she came;
And left me there a silly dunce,
Alone, without her name.

She left a yearning in my breast,
That I could not control;
My throbbing heart was put to test,
And mind began to stroll.

“My God!” thought I; “what shall I do,
Or whither shall I go?”
Her presence shocked me through and through,
Her absence made me sore.

So off I went alone to sit
Awhile in solitude.
And while I sat, I used my wit,
To know how to conclude.

I wondered what impression I
Had made upon this maid;
My mind I could not satisfy,
Because I needed aid.

So just to give my heart relief,
I went to an old man

And told him all about my grief,
How that it through me ran.

Said he, "My lad, you are deceived;
This maiden whom you saw,
Would ever make you sad and grieved,
And fill your heart with awe!

"So many promising young men
Have been caught in her net.
Her cunning ways have made her win
Some hearts that I regret.

"Now flee from her or you'll be caught,
And to disgrace and shame
Be tormented, tortured and brought
To her disgraceful aim."

I was not disobedient,
For this was good advice;
It was to him for this I went,
His story did suffice.

Then the excitement from me ran,
My yearning heart got ease;
And from now on, I'll always plan
To shun such sights as these.

A LEAP YEAR POEM.

WOMAN'S INSTRUCTION TO CUPID.

'Tis Leap Year, and the women plan
To take some lucky shots at man;

They, with the little "love-god" met,
And said to him: "Your arrows whet
So keen, that when they swiftly dart,
They'll strike the men right through the heart.
Now use your wit and skillful eye,
Because upon you we must rely.

"Submerge the arrow-heads in love;
That sacred fluid from above,
Then place one gently on your bow,
And pull the string and let it go.
You'll note the tremor of the string,
How the echoes of success ring
In harmony with love's reply
To every wooing tear and sigh.

"Shoot every single man you see,
Don't miss a one, we instruct thee;
We have a mate for every one,
So shoot them all and leave out none.
You may find 'Paulites' among them,
But shoot them, too, with all your vim,
Just capture every one you see—
Don't let a single man go free.

"Widowers and bachelors we need,
We'll mate them well, O yes, indeed;
It matters not about the age,
Just so he has a cosy cage.
Now carry these strict orders out,
'Tis your mission, without a doubt;

Report to us at every meeting,
And we'll give thee a merry greeting."

KISS.

Kiss is a stimulant that thrills
The fibres of the soul;
The effects are so wonderful
That we cannot control
The throbbing heart that burns within
An e'er echoing breast;
'Tis then warm lips bestir themselves
To answer the request.

Kiss is an act that has been used
For ages, ages past;
A salutation that has stood,
And will forever last
Through ages yet to come;
Tho' corrupted it be,
The form and fashion will remain
Throughout eternity.

'Tis one example of true love,
When rightly 'tis applied;
On Rachel's cheek Jacob did place
A warm one with much pride.
God had no objections to it,
For he, with motive pure,
Applied it with no thought of lust,
Or disgrace in his view.

Like everything, it has two sides;
One dark, the other bright.

The dark one leads us to despair,
The bright one to delight.
Kissing is nature's choicest gift
To every man and maid;
A privilege which they all like;
Of it be not afraid.
I sometimes wonder if it's not
Practiced in hea'en above,
When all the saints and angels meet
And kiss with godly love.

THE JUICY POSSUM.

De day am cold and de rground am very wet,
But I hab de biggest possum in de country, I bet.
Wy de scent from dat possum amer making me
grin,
An de way Ise gwinter stroy him, it is er terri-
ble sin.

Stir up de embers, Sally, so de steam kin play
de chune
Tween de pot an de kiver, lacker mocking bird
in June.
Git er long dar, juicy possum, I kin see your
finish now;
Caint let Moriah cook you, fur she simply donno
how.

Jenny, git dem taters ready, an don't peel 'em all
er way,

Fur de possum's most ready in de skillet he
must lay.

Now slice 'em in four quarters, so dey all kin
lay erround;

Some berhind him, some berfore him, some on
top ter hole 'im down.

Whatcher laughin 'bout dar, Lizzy, an er looking
melanchol?

You might ez well git bizzy wid yer juice-harp
an yer doll.

Fur dar's gwinter be no possum left, no taters,
neither scent,

Case de way dis darkey's feeling now, he aint
gwine take no hint.

Bring me de long fork, Sambo, fur de possum's
ready now.

I'll raze him out dis ju'cy stuff, dat's wriggling
on his brow.

Now I'll put him in de skillet, and lay dem taters
round,

Den I'll put de led on top ob him, caze it will
hold him down.

Now you set de table, Nancy, put one knife, one
fork, and spoon;

Fur dat an all dat's necessary fur dis Texas
coon.

Put salt, an pepper, an er pone-cake on de side;
Den I'll close mer eyes an stretch mer mouth,
an let dat possum slide.

I'll open up dis possum now. Umph! it am
simply fine;
I neanter be uneasy becaze all dis possum's mine.
I'll put him on de table now, and go out ter de
lot,
I want ter eat his possum now, but he am most
too hot.

Flapjacks amer sassy dish; wid lasses dey want
hurt;
I'll save 'em last to finish up, fur dey am my
deserts.
I won't be gone so very long, you'll hardly miss
de time;
I hate ter go fur I feel lack I'se bout to do er
crime.

Tell Sarah Jane to close dat door, and don let
Fido in,
Fud if dat dog eats up my heart, I'll send you
to de penn;
You must not eben look dat way, while I is at de
lot.
I'd better put er sign on him, dat says, "Don't
tech me not."

Woe, Kit! now don't yer fool wid me, fur you will
git me wrong;
I'se gotter go back ter de house, I'se sked ter
stay too long,
Case dat possum's tied er waiting now, I speck
he's done got cool.
I hab er cuis feeling now, and I'se hard ter fool.

Land sakes! Whars dat possum dat I left here
 while er go,
And whars dem chilluns and dat dog, does any-
 body know?
No scent am left ter tell de tale, no taters can
 be foun,
I'll kill dem chilluns and dat dog, before de sun
 goes down.

DONE QUIT RAISING CHILLUNS.

Dat folkes done quit raising chilluns,
 It amer fact widout er dout;
Fur when you tell dem bout dere mannus,
 Dey jes stick out dere mouf an pout.

Dere mammies tell dem dey am angels,
 An do not teach dem how ter work;
Dey cram dere heads wid edication,
 An honest ployment dey will shirk.

De gals an boys go to de cities,
 An leave dere country homes an farms;
Dey see dem lectric lights er shining,
 An to dem bad places dey swarms.

Dey furgits mammie, furgit daddy,
 Furgits church an Sunday school;
Dey furgits eberything dats decent,
 Caze city life turns dem a fool.

Dey go on wid dere foolish capers,
Until dey run 'gainst something bad;
Den when dey's bout gone to destruction,
Dey think erbout dere mam an dad.

But when some gits in high sercity,
Dey's shame ter tell where dey come from;
Dey'll tell you dey's razed in de city,
But dey kin make de cotton hum.

Some stretch dere necks wid standing collars,
An stand er way back on dere hocks;
But ef dey wuster ter be examined,
You'd find no underwear, nor socks.

De Hoodlum wagon is kept busy,
Er hauling vagrants ter de jail;
While dere poor mammies keeps er begging,
Some rich white man ter go dere bail.

Dey country gals go to de cities,
Jes as green as dey kin be;
Dere heads is turned all tipsy topsy,
When all dem puddy things dey see.

Den all de sports an dudes gits busy,
An scourts dem country gals er bout;
Den when dey gits dem crazy bout dem,
Dey takes dem gals an hies dem out.

Dat's jes de cause ob all dis trouble,
Dat cullid folkes always hab;

Dey love ter crowd up in de cities,
An in white folkes bizness dab.

I's got one boy, his name is Sambo;
I'se gwinter treat him right I know.
But when dat boy talks bout de city,
I'll make him use de gruben hoe.

LAUGHING SAM.

Now shut your mouth, and be right calm,
While I tell you 'bout laughing Sam.
He is a man of robust health,
And cares nothing for style nor wealth.

He lives with his old Grandma Jane,
Who lives down on the cottage lane.
She knits his socks and makes his clothes,
But how she lives nobody knows.

Now Sam is from a laughing stock;
He wears a dirby and a frock.
And pulls his dirby o'er his ear,
And goes barefooted all the year.

And he will laugh at anything;
A preacher, president, or king.
He cares not for the when nor where,
But laugh the same he does not care.

Well, Sam asked me to let him go
With me to see the minstrel show;

Said he, "I won't disturb de peace,
Fur dar you know is de police."

I was afraid to trust old Sam,
For once he got me in a jam,
For which I had to pay a fine;
Then said he: "It's no fault er mine."

But anyway I let Sam go
With me, to see the minstrel show.
Before the show got started good,
It looked like die that fellow would.

He started off with a "he he,"
Then on a sly he looked at me;
And afterwards, a loud "ho, ho!"
Then stretch his mouth and let her go.

And after that he laughed so loud,
Til he just frightened the whole crowd.
He turned again and looked at me,
And ended with a loud whoopee!

He clapped his hands and stamped his feet,
And just completely wrecked the seat;
He stood up and then yelled out right,
And gracious! what a fearful sight.

They had to let the curtains down
Because the actors stopped to frown.
The people then begin to shout,
"O police, put that Negro out."

The police walked up with a vim,
And took a vicious hold on him;
Then pushed him forward to the door,
Then, oh how laughing Sam did roar!

'Then up came the police patrol,
And gracious, how Sam's eyes did roll!
The police said to him, "Get in."
And Sam began to laugh again.

Away they carried him to jail,
And right behind him men did trail.
The man who raised Sam, said, "You pup,
You shall not lock that Negro up."

Said he, "Sam has done nothing wrong,
So turn him loose and get along;
I'll pay you for those broken seats,
You men are regular old cheats."

The policemen turned Sam loose,
And said, "Now go, you silly goose."
Sam laughed again, and walked across,
And with a grin, said, "Thank yer, Boss."

A FRETFUL CHILD OF FOUR.

Me am so tied er staying here
All locked up in dis yard;
Me wanten go ter play wif Jack,
Dood dracious aint it hard?

Me want my yittle stockings on,
And yittle slippers, too;
Me want some tandy and some take
Me want some gum ter chew.

O yond's de watermelon man,
O mama, dit me one!
And yond's de hottemolla man,
O mama, dit me some.

Me wish my papa would come on,
He must be at de lodge;
My mama's going ter fuss wif him,
He neanter tryter dodge.

Mama, you am so dood and sweet,
Now tan me go ter play?
Me will come home at free o'clock,
Me show want stay all day.

Mama, aint papa got no sense?
You told him dat last night;
But he told you ter tut dat out,
Don't you and him would fight.

O mama! me am going ter hush!
Don't hit me on de head!
Me didn't know dat would make you mad.
But dat's what papa said.

You go wight back, old ugly Jack!
Me aint dwine play wif you;

You hit my dog and hurt my cat,
And made me go, boo, hoo-oo.

Mamma, give me a nickle please,
So I can dit some cream.
Me am so hot and feel so bad
Tell me am bouter scream.

O, Mr. God, do tell me why
My mamma is so mean?
She is de stingest, closest thing
Dat I have ever seen.

Nemine, me will be grown some day,
And me want hafter beg
Mamma ter let me go ter play
Er game er mumble-peg.

TOM FOOL.

Tom Fool went down the streets one day,
A walking in a frightful way;
Said he, "Ise looking fur some work
An roun' dis bureau Ise gwine lurk."

The man who sought for Tom a job,
Seeing him with a tear and sob,
Said this to him: "I pity you,
I hate to see you look so blue."

Then some one called him to the phone,
It was a Jew, whose name was Rone;
Said he, "I want a bully boy,
No other kind will I employ."

"Now, Tom," said he, "good luck to you,
You have employment from a Jew;
Just go right up and see the man,
And try to please him, if you can."

Tom thanked the man and started out,
That he was pleased there is no doubt;
For he went grinning up the street,
Knocking a tattoo with his feet.

Tom Fool soon found the wanted place
And met the Jew, face to face.
"Well," said the Jew, "what is your name?"
"Tom Fool," said he, with vim and game.

"Well then, Tom Fool, what can you do?"
Came the next question from the Jew.
"Most anything," said Tom to him,
And he spoke it with grit and vim.

"Most anything? Well what is that "
Said Rone, the Jew, who fixed his hat.
"Most anything you have ter do,"
Answered Tom Fool to Rone, the Jew.

"Before I hire you," said the Jew,
"I'll put some test questions to you."

"All right," said Tom, "just roll 'em out,
I'll answer them widout er doubt."

"Now ducks and geese we dearly love,
And just to your good wisdom prove,
If I'd ask you to give them food
What would you give to them, old Dude?"

"I'd give them hay," said Tom to him,
"For I know it would fatten them.
An' it gives strength to geeses' jaw,
An' too I love ter see 'em chaw."

The Jew proceeded to the next,
But he was sure surprised and vexed.
"Do ducks and 'geeses' shun the water?"
"O yes!" said Tom, "I think they oughter."

"I once seen one plunge in er pool,
An' I staid dare ter watch de fool.
I stood and watched de very spot,
But if he's riz I seed it not."

The puzzled Jew then shook his head,
And with a frown and sigh, he said:
"That's pretty good, my boy, for you;
Now answer question number two."

"All right," said Tom, "jes let it come,
Fur I show feel like going some;
I'll jes put on my thinking cap
An' prove dat Ise er witty chap."

"I have two horses," said the Jew,
"The one named Frank, the other True;
I love them both and treat them right,
And keep them looking gay and spright.

"Now will you take the greatest care
Of these two horses, and beware
That you do not feed them too much?
For I do not believe in such."

"I will," said Tom, "with all my heart.
I'll feed them scarcely on the start,
An' then hold up fer er few days,
An' turn 'em out ter let 'em graze.

"I'll let them eat grass to dere fill,
It will save you a big feed bill.
I'll give 'em salt and soda too,
It'll put the fire in Frank and True.

"Dar's other things that I can do,"
Said the young fellow to the Jew;
"I can whistle, I can sing,
I can cut the pigeon wing.
I can stand upon my head,
I can wiggle, I can tread;
I can run lacker race hoss,
I can eben whip de boss;
I can walk upon a wire,
I can set yo' house on fire;
I can take er automatic

An' clean house from base to attic;
I can speak to eny tree
An' it will come straight to me;
Now to tell de truf to you,
I jes simply hate a Jew."

"Enough of you, enough of you!
I do not want you," said the Jew.
"If you should go through all the schools,
You still would be the king of fools."

A SHOE PROBLEM.

I went ter town de udder day
Ter git mer wife some shoes,
But, O good greshus, what a time!
I almost had de blues.

I tuck meager ob one foot;
It meagered six plus fo.
She sed ter me, "Show gitem right,
Er don come home no mo."

I found sicher diffunts in her foots,
Tell I sed, "Sakes er live,
De udder foot wuz six plus fo,
Now dis one's eight plus five."

I had er problem on my hands;
Er hard one, too, you bet.

But I jes had ter work it out,
It wuz no use to fret.

So off I went wid vim and grit
Ter work dat problem out;
But as I told you, it show wuz
Er job widout er dout.

I searched de biggest store in town
Fur er thirteen and ten.
De clerks all looked at me and said,
"Say, uncle, whars you been?"

I told dem dat I'd been at home,
Wid Sara Jane, my wife,
But she had sicher temper dat
I did not enjoy life.

Dey sed, "I knowed dars something wrong;
Yo wife is not made right."
Den I sed: "Man, don talk dat way,
Fur you'll have me ter fight."

I told dem dat I loved my Jane,
Her foots suits me alright;
And I'll git shoes ter fit dem both,
Er stay in town all night.

Den off I went wid courage bold,
Ter try er nudder store;
But met de same discouragement
Dat I had met before.

I tried ergin, and tried ergin,
Den tried ergin, and den
I went right back ter de same store,
And dem clerks sed, "Come in."

Dey ast me had I found mer shoes,
And I sed, "fotchet, no;"
Den dey sed, "Well, don talk so mean,
And do not worry so."

Dey sed dat dey had worked it out,
De shoes would cost me more.
And I sed, "Tell it den ter me
Fur I hab got de dough."

"One shoe must be a ten," said dey,
"And one number thirteen;
So you will have ter git two pair;
Now sharpen your wit keen."

"You sed you'd have ter pay for dem,
Two dollars and er half.
Now when we work this problem out,
You show is gwinter laugh.

"You git one pair, let them be tens,
De udder pair thirteen;
Den take one shoe from each of dem.
Do you see what I mean?"

"Yas, Boss," sed I, "I see it now,
Well I do jes declare!

Two ob dem shoes won't mate so well,
But we'll make right one pair."

So dar went mer five dollar bill,
I paid him fur both pair.
Den off fur home I started out,
And left dem laughing dare.

I stored de mismatch pair erway
In de hay barn erlone,
And cared mer wife de udder pair,
And dar she tried dem on.

Dey jes fit her, you bet dey did;
No wrinkles could we see.
She wuz so pleased tell she jes had
Ter jump up and kiss me.
Before dis time, I had ter have
Her shoes made at de shop;
But my! dey gin ter charge so much
Tell I jes had ter stop.
But I hab learnt er lesson now,
Dat I will not furget;
I learnt ter work er shoe problem
Dat makes me proud you bet.

A HINT TO PREACHERS.

"Hock mer God er looker yonder chilluns;"
Aint no preaching now er days;
Taint lack eating water milluns;
You must splain jes what you say.

Collud folks am whole lots wizer
Den dey wuz in slavery days;
Dey am grasping lacker mizer
After sense, fur it show pays.

When you stand up in the pulpit,
You don't hafter stomp and ball;
Take yer time and try ter preach it
Lack er man dat's heared de call.

Den you must stop drinking licker,
An er telling funny lies
Jes ter make dem folkes snicker,
Den set down and wink yer eyes.

When you try ter press de people,
Keep your finger out your year;
Do not bray, and ball, and hickle,
Fur de folkes aint hard ter hear.

Don't spit on de pulpit carpet,
Den slick it over wid yer feet;
You will kill de spirit, mark it,
Den you'll hafter take yer seat.

Don't yer lose your temper, preacher,
When de clection's kiner slim;
Youse no more no udder creature,
And dare money blongst ter dem.

When yer have reached your conclugun
In your sermon, den set down;

Don't stand dar an make confugun,
Den look foolish lack er clown.

THE BONELESS HAM.

De` thing dat makes me say am, AM!
Is er ripe and juicy boneless ham;
Go ter de patch jes fore day,
And fetch de biggest one erway.

Den lay it softly on de ice,
And turn it over once or twice;
Den when its cold, ter it attend,
By ripping it from end ter end.

Den call me in ter take er eat,
And squar yosef ter see me eat;
De juice will overflow my mouf,
But sich is ofen seen down souf.

Now git er pan ter cetch de seed,
Dey leaves my mouf wid sicher speed
Tell when de stracks what dey falls in,
Dey bounce clear back ter me ergin.

Ef juice falls down into my lap,
Don't bother me, jes let it drap;
De most ob it is gwine inside,
It helps de meat and seeds ter slide.

Dat Adam's apple in my thote,
Jes plays er chune widout er note;
It works itself right up and down,
And makes a terble googling soun'.

It sends de juice ter de right place,
Den I expand and den unlace
My belt, and coat, and everything;
Dis will give me er better swing.

Den when I'se done, and feeling fine,
Jes send some one ter get de rine;
And take er way de pan and seed
Caze I'se done certny done de deed.

I'SE DONE SHO'LY LOSE MY GAL.

I'se done sho'ly loss my gal,
Hit taint no joke dis time;
Dis heart uv mine is lack er bell
Dat's cracked an' lost its chime.

Las' night I rapped on Sally's do,'
An' she said, "Who is dat?"
I says ter her, "Sweet, dis is me,
I'se jes here fur er chat."

She says ter me, "You caint come in
Caze I has companee."
Land sakes! dat word jes sound so sharp
Tell hit went clean through me.

Dar's sumphen riz up in my throat
Dat nearly choked me dead;
My heart jes swelled an' swelled an' swelled
Tell hit jes felt lack lead.

I tried ter keep my temper down,
An' practice self-control;
But I'se so jellis uv dat gal
Tell I hurt ter my soul.

"You is excused ternight," says she;
Don't bother 'round my do',
Caze when I'se ready ter see you
I'll sho'ly let you know."

Now dat vexed me clear to my bones;
I jes got raving mad,
An' kicked dat do' dat kept me out,
Wid all de grit I had.

But oh! I lack to broke my foot,
Dat do' was cert'ny barred;
Caze I sho' tried ter kick hit down;
I sho'ly struck it hard.

Den jes ter tease me, Sally said—
Ter dat ole guy inside:
"Oh sweetheart, you'se my only love,
I'll always wid you 'bide."

Den he said, "Kiss me den ter prove
Dat you is mine always."

I be'ed right still ter cetch de sound,
An' through de crack I gazed.

I heard it, sho's you bone I did!
Seems lack I hear it still;
It jes shook me clean off de steps,
Pears lack I had er chill.

Dar's nothing stirring wid dat do,'
Hit felt lack hit wuz barred
Wid forty thousand pouns er lead,
Ter my progress retard.

I heard dem in dar sniggerling,
An' poking fun at me;
Oh you don no how bad I felt
In all dat misery.

Dat gal's papa come in from town,
Or from some other place;
An' wid er stare, he looked at me
Wid danger in his face.

Said he, "Has you jes took my place
An' got it in yo charge?
It jes seems lack dat you's done let
Yo' britches git too large."

Den wid his walking stick, he drawed,
An' whaled me once or twice;
An' den said: "Go, you rascal you,
I guess dat will suffice."

He would not let me 'splain ter him,
Nor beg his 'pologee;
But jes drawed back dat stick ergin
An' wore it out on me.

I tell you, I wuz glad ter git
Erway from dat ole men;
You oughter been hid out somewhere
Ter see dis nigger ran.

"Erway!" said he, "you lazy scamp!
Now don't come here no more,
I do not want you on my place,
Nor fooling 'round my do.'"

I sho'ly got de wust uv it,
Jes oner count uv Sal;
But I'll git even wit dat dude
Dat beat me out dat gal.

CAN'T FOOL 'EM.

Ah 'giter long from here, white man;
You'se fooled me long er nuf.
I'ser bout done quit er drinking
Dat delaperdating stuff.
You gimme de wust whiskey
Dat you'se got behind de bar;
And when I takes a drink ob it,
It sets me on er fire.

Now I'se gwinter show yer all de grit,
Dat I hab down in my craw;
And you neanter tell me "shut up,
Don't yer gib me any jaw;"
Fur I'se stood dis whiskey bizness
Tell I'se bouter got my fill,
And now I'll help ter vote it out,
I know it's ginst yo will.

All de decent darkies tells me
Dat dey's gwinter vote like me;
Dat dey's gwinter stop er fooling wid
De man dat sells whiskee;
Case it takes all dey kin rake and scrape
Ter live er happy life,
Fur dey hafter work like Trojans,
Den can't satisfy dere wife.

Doc Williams sed de udder night
Dat he stood firm and strong
Er ginst de whiskey traffic and
Eberything dats wrong.
All de sloon niggers is awfully skeered,
Case Doctor talks dat way;
Dey wanten spute his augerment,
But don't know whater say.

I walked down Thirteenth street terday,
And looked upon a ba'l,
And dare I seed a darkie drunk,
And talkin bout his gal;

I slipped up close and looked at him,
And listen fur ter hear,
And bless my soul, dat darkie sed,
He'd sell his wife fur beer.

I went straight ter dat darkey's house,
And what you reggin I seed?
I seed his wife all closed in rags,
A fearful sight indeed.
De bed was propped up wid er box,
No paper on de wall;
He's yard all growd up full er weeds,
And house er bout er fall.

Shur, white man, git er long from here,
And talk ter me on mo';
Dis darkey's mine is made up now
Ter gib de sloon er blow.
O panted time, makase and come!
So I kin poll my vote.
I paid my poll tax long ergo,
And kin efford ter dote.

Dem "anti" niggers should be cot
And tied up in er sac,
And hit one thousand lashes wid
Er strap right on de back;
De debil oughter git dem all
And roast dem in de fire;
Num mine de Lord will make dem come
Before de judgmen bar.

FIDDLING JOE.

O listen! to this story true;
You'll crack yo side fo I git thru;
You'll laugh clear out of breath I know,
When I tell you bout fiddling joe.

No year kin ever ketch er chune;
No man kin win yo heart so soon;
Er gal will natchly quit her beau,
And run clear off wid fiddling Joe.

His fingers quivers lack de strings;
His voice jes trembles when he sings.
Man, burn yo fiddle and yo bo,
Fur you can't play lack fiddling Joe.

No preacher kin control his feet;
No congregation keep de seat;
Dare foots will certny rap de floor
And keep good time wid fiddling Joe.

Ef yo gal tells you, "Let us go
And set er while wid fiddling Joe,"
Jes laugh it off, and don't obey;
Fur Joe will win yo gal erway.

Joe went ter church de udder day,
And took his fiddle fur ter play;
He stood his distance from de door,
And tuned dat thing, and let it go.

De ushers of de church come out,
And sed, "We'll stop him dout er dout."
Dey all went strutting up ter him,
But Joe jes paid no mine ter dem.

De deacons said, "We'll stop de coon,
We'll run dat nigger to de moon."
Joe played so sweet tell Deacon Big
Jes squared hisself and danced er jig.

De preacher come out of de church
And sed, "Dis feller's jes to much;"
He carried his song book wid him,
And sung er ole furmiliar hymn.

Joe tuned his fiddle wid much glee,
And played, "Nearer my God ter thee."
De preacher wrinkled up his face
And joined right in, and sung de base.

Den all de church come running out,
And Joe jes made dem sisters shout;
De sexton locked up every door,
And went ter hear dat fiddling Joe.

Now Joe had sense, he used his head;
He stopped his instrument and sed:
"Now, brudders, sisters, hear my call;
I want er klektion from you all."

Den fiddling Joe took off his hat,
And carried it to Deacon Fat,

Who tole de members to dey face,
Ter come right on and do make ase.

So fiddling Joe got by alright;
He worked things well widout er fight;
Now I have told you what I know
Erbout dat auful fiddling Joe.

A TRIBUTE TO THE FT. WORTH COLORED HIGH SCHOOL.

There is a charming, pleasing, ideal spot,
Upon which a great institution stands;
It occupies a spacious healthful lot,
Well kept and beautified by skillful hands.

No building of its kind for Negroes yet
Surpasses it. Not in the whole southland.
It stands to prove that what we want, we get;
If we are worthy of what we demand.

One hundred forty-three by sixty-nine
Are the dimensions of this building grand;
Three stories high, modernly built and fine;
For centuries this school was built to stand.

Yea, twenty-five well-planned and cozy rooms.
All furnished with material the best;
Well kept by constant use of cloths and brooms,
In readiness for sanitary test.

Examine well the manual training room;
It will an impression upon you make.
And will your very mind and soul consume,
While great passions of pride within you 'wake.

The work in this unique department shows
That well-trained heads and eyes, and skillful
hands
Were used to these wonderful things compose,
The names of which are desks and chairs and
stands.

Down in the kitchen next, and dining-room,
There meet Miss Patterson, the teacher gay,
And some of that well-prepared food consume;
But don't forget that there you cannot stay.

Ninety feet long by eighty feet across,
Is the chapel so beautiful, so grand;
With ample room and seats that will engross
Hundreds who come to their own minds ex-
pand.

Then out upon the play-grounds you may see
Hundreds of boys and girls with laughter gay.
The beating heart of each is filled with glee,
While joyfully they with each other play.

Various exercises are employed:
Football and swing, tennis and basket ball,
No student on the grounds is made devoid,
But each has privilege to try them all.

When standing far away to view the scene,
What thrilling passions stir the gloomy soul!
The mind goes back to old school days serene,
And hardly can you your own self control.

A faculty of teachers twenty-two,
Five able men who hold college degrees;
And seventeen others with merits true.
No set of teachers are loved more than these.

The principal, Professor I. M. Terrell,
For thirty years this institution's guide,
Has side-tracked for no misfortune nor peril,
But kept the sword of courage by his side.

He met his oppositions face to face,
And stood for right, though many times alone;
He made a lasting standard for his race,
And by this standard it is marching on.

But ah! that true help-meet stood by his side,
And in the stormy seasons cheered him up;
O'er rugged roads she was his faithful guide,
And drank with him from many a bitter cup.

Now may success his many efforts crown
With golden gems all sparkling bright and
new.

I know 'tis not his aim to seek renown,
But to mankind and to himself be true.

JAP'S ANKLE EXCURSION.

Well, I'se bout rested now, and mer nerves is alright ergin. Now I'll percede ter tell yer bout dat Ankle Excursion dat I had last week. You see I'se been working fer one certain white man, seven years, fur six dolars er week, and one meal er day, cluden Sunday; but every time we have er payday, he wants me ter trade haf er mer money fur grub. So ebery week he swades me to trade three ob dem "Gods we trust" wid him, and dat jes leaves me jes only erbout three ob them "Gods we trust" ter hab a little fun wid. I swallowed dat bitter pill er long time tell last week. Jes before pay day, I got mer craw fuller grit, an mer eyes fuller red, an mer mouf fuller nerve, an when Boss come ter pay me off, he foun mer lips sticking out lacker faucet on er lasses ba'l. Den he sed ter me, "What's ter matter wid you, Jap?" An I tole him dat I wanted all mer money dis ebening, caze I had er plenty grub at home dout buying eny more fur er long time, an mer wife tole me not ter bring eny more grub dar, but pour de whole six dollars in her lap ternight, caze she would do her own trading from dis on. Boss didn't lack dat much, but I didn't care, caze I'se been cackerlating on telling him bout dis matter er long time. So fust one word den er nuder, brought de annermosity ter er dangus pint. Den Boss got mad an called me one ob dem black things, den mer ashes come ter de suffis. Den I told him dat he

had me ter pay right dis minit, or beat me running. I knowed dat I could whoop him from de shoulders, caze he didn't weigh but one hundid and twenty pouns, an' I'se been weighing two hundrid ebery since I'se seventeen years old. I'se jes fixing ter tell Boss ter squar hissef fer er fight, an' he hit me squar cudab in de mouf and stopped dat word right 'tween mer lips an' teeth. But dat didn't stop me, fur I jes grabbed him up lacker baby, an give him er good shaking. But let me tell you, I'se skeered ter turn Boss er loose, caze his face got red and he gin ter cuss lacker demon. Finely all mer nerves settled in mer feets an I got so weak, tell I let Boss drap squar cudab on de groun, an mashed his nose, mouf an chin. Den Boss got up an reached back an got his six shooter an whaled me over de head four times, one lick right after ernudder, den stot so close ter my head tell mer head cotch on fire; den he tole me ter look down de bar'l ob dat gun ter see what I could see; an great day in de mornin! My eyes got on clipse, an peers lack I seed er funeral persession wid me in front. Not satisfied wid de way he's doing me he lack ter made me run mer fool self ter death. He made me turn mer face terwards home, pinted dat six shooter at me, an told me ter git! Den shot so close ter my head tell de powder burnt mer face. Well, I reached up an got mer sky piece, folded it in mer hand, mer feets was ready, fur I'se al-

ready barefooted, took on more steam, pulled de throddle open, said, "Yesser, Boss." Den the Ankle Excursion begin.

Now you talk erbout ankling, an yer cannon ball, an yer race horses, an yer automobiles, an yer airships, but I'se er century er head ob dem things in making fast time. I raised so much dust tell I heard de folkes dat lived er long dat lain, say, "Showly, showly, dis must be er sacklone." Chickens, hogs, dogs an guineas all left home when dey seed me coming. Horses an cows jes broke out er de lot, an run clear off when dey heard me coming. Chilluns jes run in the house an crawled under de bed. Pudy soon, I heard Boss shoot ergin. Well, dat fust ankling that I done wuz jes an interduction to de ankling dat I done after I heard Boss shoot de last time. I come ter er river dat had er bridge ercross it, an mer right foot struck dat bridge middle ways, but mer left found biziness on de udder side. After er few ups an downs, I got er clear righterway home. Den I got in er lane dat wuz as smoothe an level as er floor; den I stretch mer arms an sailed lack er guinea.

When I got in sight of my pint of view, dar my wife and chilluns wuz waiting fur me; I heard one of my chilluns say: "Here come papa," an erbout er halfer second after dat, I heard er nudder one of my chilluns say: "Yoner go papa." But I jes past by home. Den de lain made er turn, but I did not turn wid it, I kept straight

on through er corn field and made ears of corn whiz an zune before me. I finely stopped in er little town twenty miles from home, an when it got dark, I started fur home, erriving there erbout midnight. I rapped on de door right easy, and Susana, my wife, said, "Is dat you Jap?" den I sed, "Dis is what's left ob me." And she sed: "Whar's de rest ob you?" I tole her dat I lost de rest ob me in sweat an blood. She started to ask me some more questions, but I tole her ter fix de bed, an don't bother me fur four days, unless she seen Boss coming. So dat ended dat Ank'e Excursion right dar.

LITERARY INDIGESTION.

I'se jes from de college, an mer head is fuller all kinds er stuff. But let me tell yer dat stuff aint digested yit, an I know it's not gwinter stay on my brains, caze it jes won't soke in. I'se used all kinds ob remedies. I'se tried de "book under de head" remedy, de "set up tell midnight" tonic, an de "git up fore day" relief, and dey aint kored me yit. I'se bout ter side dat sumphen's wrong wid dis upper story. It's big ernough, an pears lack it's fuller sumphen. I guess I mus got de guitar ob de brains. Fesser sed sumphen erbout de gray matter; de more yer hab ob dem de wizer yer is; but pears lack ter me I aint got none at all. I had some when I went ter dat school, but I guess dey all muster turned black. Fesser told me ter take er little

jymnistic exercise, maybe dat would kore dis indigestion; I did, but it didn't do me no good, caze I played looperty loop, turned summersets, skint de cat and dog too, but all dat jymnistics put tergether didn't help me er bit. Caze I picked up my silver goverment, an tried ter memorize de fourteenth an fifteenth menment, so I could make er big perlitical speech onde nineteenth ob June, but bless mer soul, I furgot it faster den I looked at it; it jes wouldn't stay on my brains. Well I picked up my dictionary, an tried ter find er word dat means what's ails me; I rambled an rambled, an rambled, an bime by, I found er word dat sed diarrhoea, but I let dat word erlone, caze it had too much dying in it fur me.

Well, I found ernudder word dat sed, insane, an it had de same meanings dat crazy had, den I sed, slowly dat's jes whats de matter wid me, I'se erbout crazy. Den I got uneasy an went ter de glass an looked at myself ter see ef I favored dat crazy man dat I seed at de sylum, an bless mer soul dar wasn't much diffunts in de looks ob us, de only diffunts I could see was, dat he donno howter act when company comes ter see him, an I does. Why dat scamp jes sed all kiner bad words before my best gal. Now I'se skeered dat ef I don't git dis literary indigestion kored puddy soon, I'll be jes like him. But let me git back ter de pint ergin; I picked up mer histry, an read bout de battle ob Bunkers Hill ten times, one time right after ernudder,

den I shet mer eyes right tight an tried ter recall dat battle, but bless mer soul, ter save mer life I couldn't tell er thing erbout it. I roached mer hair back and wriggled erbout in mer seat, but save mer life I couldn't call dat battle ter mine. It jes got erway from me an got on "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," an I jes couldn't git it off tell Fesser come ter mer room an tole me dat I had ter saw two cords er wood an stay on de campus ten days fur sturbing peace. I ast him how did I sturb de peace? An he tole me dat ebery student in de building had rushed ter de door trying ter locate dat little star I'se talking bout. Well, after Fesser left, I picked up mer rithmetic an tried ter work out some zamples, but dar wuz so much wood an campus on mer mine tell dar was no room fur de rithmetic. Finely de whole biziness turned ter chloroform, an put me fast ter sleep; an dar I wenter dreaming bout dat wood an campus. I cared on so in mer sleep tell I woke merself up jes in time ter miss some more wood an campus, fur Fesser opened de door right quick an looked at me lack er hawk at er cheekin; den he sed: "I muster been mistaken." An I sed, "Dat's right, Fesser." Well puddy soon after dat I had ter cut dat wood an spend dem ten miserable days on de campus, but I commence ter cackerlating on mer staying at dat school eny longer. "Well," sed I, "what's de use me staying gitting more ter digist, an can't digist dis I got?" So I tole Fesser dat I must go home, an he sed: "Why, what's de matter, Sam?"

I tole him dat mer money's done give out but I'se gwine home an work harder an come back next session. So I got erway on dat piterful story, an now I'se at home ergin, an I'se gwinter git me er mule, an er farm, an go ter work, an raise cotton, an corn, an peas, an cheekins, hogs an chilluns, fur dat's de only kore I know erbout fur literary indigestion.

PARSON IKEY'S REPORT OF THE WORLD'S BAPTIST CONGRESS.

Well, bruddes and sisters ob de much beloved and far-reaching denomination, it fords me wid de unmeasugerable mont ob pleger ter persent some laffererble and comical facts dat I cotch at de World Baptist Congress in de city ob Philydelfer.

Fustly, I must say dat yall's gwinter ceve er blessing fur sending yo loving an God-sent paster ter ter Congress. But dem stingy darkies dat wouldn't tribit nothing ter help send de paster off, so dat he might recruit his rundown self and add more power ter his voice, de Lord's gwinter make dem lose what little dey's got. Now dat's de truf, caze I drempt dat I seed dem very darkies begging sumphen teat. I know who yer is, and ef de Lord don't pay yer, I will.

As I'se gwinter say, dat wuz er great meeting. Ebery nation under de sun wuz dar. De man in de moon woulder been dar, but I guess he

muster been kept bizzy burning bresh, so dat de udder brudders could have moon shiny nights. I declare, some ob de ugglest delegates I eber seed wuz dar; some ob dem neber will git ter heaven, caze it is written: "God don't love ugly."

We carried er healthy bunch er preachers from Texas, sho's you born; but some ob dem wuz de greenest set ob darkies I eber seen. Dey's got er plenty sense when dey's in Texas, but la me, de futher east dey got, de less sense dey had. Dey tells me dat de east wind fects Texas darkies, and now I bleve it.

Prominant ermong de Texas delegates wuz: Parson Walker, P. ob B. M. and E. C.; Parson Heavyweight, S. of M.; Parson Slowlooking, Pastor; Fesser Yallerskin, Editor, and Fesser Skinnie, a famous B. Y. P. U. President. Now I tell yer, er whole lots ob dem preachers wuzn't invited ter dat Congress; dey jes butted in. I tell yer ernudder thing, some ob our preachers is alis splitting dere thoats erginst de Jim Crow law, and bless my soul, when dey gits whar dar's no sicher law or color line, dey aint satisfied, fur when dey set down ter de table ter eat wid de white folkes dey look lack nervis wrecks. One preacher from Texas jes wouldn't enjoy dat privilege after gitting it. Fur he jes took his little bread and meat in his hands and went inter de kitchen wid de cooks and desh washers and pot rustler; den de pot rustler sed ter him: "Say,

Parson, what yer doin down here, dis-aint no din-
ing-room?" Den de preacher, wid er mouf
fuller taters and meat, sed: "Jes tend ter yo biz-
ness, Bud, and let minsses erlone; I see now dat
youse er biggerty nigger, and ef youse down
souf dey'd lynch you fore breakfast." Now dat
goes ter show yer dat he wuz er lion in de kitchen
and er mouse in de dining-room.

Dar's ernudder one of dem Texas preachers
dat made me so shame tell I'se shame ter tell de
people dat I'se from Texas. Dis feller goes fur
one of Texas' close observers of de letter and
spirit. Dey give him no time ter speak in dat
meeting, but he jes wanted ter be seen so bad
tell he jes raised up anyhow and sed: "Mr. Presi-
dent, dis is Dr. Knowall from Texas; may I have
de privilege of being supplied wider program of
dis meeting " And bless mer soul, he 'wuz in-
formed dat he had all de programs ob de whole
session in his hand. Now sicher feller as dat
oughter have his license, plumer and title taken
erway from him fur dat's er dangus' feller.

De rule of dat meeting wuz, dat no one could
speak over ten minutes, but dat Booker T. Wash-
ington jes hypotized de whole thing and spoke
long as he wanted to.

Did you say, "Whar wuz I?" I'se dar. De
big preachers didn't pay me no mine, caze I
couldn't say dem big "highferluten jawbreakers,
but I'se the secret secretary of dat whole bizness
jes de same.

Now I'll finish dis report next Sunday, caze its time ter take up kerlection. I'd lack fur all de members ter storm de paster, caze de grub is gitting slim round erbout my premises.

FRANK AND THE BULL DOG.

Laffing is cetching an hanging is stretching. Yau may laff at me caze dat bull dog bit me dis er way, but youse libe ter have de same sperience some day. Spose you wanter know erbout it so you kin bust yo side, do yer? Well, I'se gwinter tell yer all erbout it ef you stop laffing and look seerus, caze dis is er seerus peacer biziness. You see I'se er coachman ob dat high order, dat is, I wears er silk hat an er long coat wid brass buttons up an down de front an tail, an on de sleeves, an I drives two led cullid mares hitched to er fine victoree, an I has ter set up high, an de white folkes sets down low, an I has ter hold mer neck stiff, an look dignerfied.

Well, I'se gwinter tell you bout dat bull-dog now. You see, I jes come in from driving de white folkes yistiddy morning, an Miss Mary sunt me down ter Miss Williams' house ter carry er note; dat jes suited me caze mer gal cooked fur Miss Williams, so in order dat she might give me a good inspection, I wrote mer unerform down dare. Now you know Miss Williams is got er big bull dog wider head ez big ez er lasses ba'l an his tootthes so big tell he can't shet his

mouf. When I got ter de gate I hollud, hello! and somebody dat I couldn't see, said: "Come in, de dog is tied! Come in, I say; old Brisco is tied!" And den dey told me ter tie de gate ter keep de calf from gitting out. Well, I tell yer, dat last thing dat she sed erbout tying dat gate didn't suit me er bit, caze it made me feel nervus. I didn't feel safe er tall wid dat gate tied, but I didn't want er hardheaded; so I went slipping terwards de steps sorter briefly; den I heared dat dog er growling, an it sounded lack er thunder storm; I stopped right still, but dat same voice sed: "Come in, he's tied;" an bless mer soul, jes ez I got ter de steps dat same voice said: "whoo-ee! sickem, Brisco! whoo-ee! sichem, sichem, Brisco!" Well I knowed de race wuz on, an er hot one too. De bull dog wuzent in sight, an perhaps I mouter goter way ef it hadn't been fur dat deblish little fice; he traced de bull dog's tention, an jes ez I'se boutter gitter way dat scamp coteh me by my puddy driving coat wid er death holt, an ginter swing back, but I tell yer Is'e caying dat dog er merry gate tell I stepped on sumphen slick an fell flat on mer stumuck. Den dat dog turned loose mer coat an gotter mouf cramming full of my leg, an jes look lack he went ter sleep. Tell yer dat dog wuzent making no fuss, but I wuz; couldn't nobody do nothing wid dat scamp. Finely, my gal, de cook, went over to de drug store in de next block an got some "high life" an poured

it all on dat scamp's head, an dat's de key dat unlocked dat big vice, sho's you born; it made him keep more fuss den I did. I think dat stuff stroyed three-thirds of his ambition. I hope it'll stroy his whole life. I never could git my gal ter say she loved me, but actions speaks louder den words fur she couldn't er done but one thing bettern ter make dat dog turn my leg er loose, an dat wuz, ter tell me dat she loved me well ernuff ter marry me, and dat bizness will come up jes ez soon ez my leg gits well.

Now, who do you reckon such dat dog on me? It wuz dat deblish parrit; an I'se gwinter give him er cracker wid some dope on it fust chance I git. So ef you hear of a dead parrit in dis naberhood, wy don't be serprized.

HOW JIM'S GHOST STORY ENDED.

Umph, umph, umph! Well, well, well! I never woulder thought it. As long as I been coming by dat graveyard, I'se never had sicher spearence as dat berfore. Folkes neanter tell me dat dar's no ghostes, fur im knows better den dat, caze I knows dat I'se had two hours' warfare wid dat white man dat committed sooeyside, an I had ter help ter tote him home. His name was Mr. Runerbout, an dat's de right name fur him, fur he's certny run me erbout dis night. Well, de way it was, I'se down ter mer friend, John's, house, dat's five miles on de udder side

of de white folkes graveyard, an I stayed dar tell leben er'clock, an John says ter me, says he: "Jim, aint you skeered ter go by dat graveyard ternight? You'd better stay wid me an go home enermorning." "Ah, no," says I; "I'se not skeered or no dead man, case ef he's in heaven, he don't wanter come here no mo, but ef de devil's got him, he can't come here no mo, case he's shet up in er hot ubben." So I started out fur home, specting to rive dar bout twelve er er'clock, jes one hour's walk. When I got in sight er de graveyard, jes ter keep myself from gitting lonesome, I ginter whistle, "Cotton-eyed Joe," but in spiter all I could do or say, I couldnt keep back all er dat cuis feelings ter save my life. I got so nervus tell I jest couldn't whistle dat song. De hair on mer head ginter unrole, an straighten out. I tell yer, I felt jes lack dat sumphen's gwinter happen. Truth er nuff, sumphen did happen, you bet yer boots it did. I tried ter keep from looking over in dat graveyard, but I jes couldn't help it ter save mer life; an when I looked, behold dar stood up right in plain view dat very white man dat committed sooeyside. Den I sed ter him, "Howdy do, Mr. Runnerbout?" But he didn't say er word. I tell yer it's er good thing he didn't, case dar'd er been ernudder funnel right dar. Well, I decided dat dat muster been his statue dey made ter memorize him. Den I gin ter move off fur home, kinder looking back oner sly, an I ginter

step off sorter briefly, but it looked lack de man, graveyard and all wuz following me. I couldn't git rid of dem, so I decided ter run erway from de whole bizness. I started out making airship time. Well, I run an run tell I didn't see nothing of him. I decided dat I had outrun him. But bless mer soul, when I got nearly ter mer gate, behold dar stood dat same man at mer gate waiting fur me. Den I started round ter slip in de back gate, but behold dar stood dat same man right in mer back gate waiting fur me. Den I decided dat I would go ter one of mer neighbors' house ter spend de night, so off I put, but jes ez I got in sight of de house, I seed Mr. Runnerbout standing at dat gate. But dis time he started terwards me, an at de same time gitting bigger an bigger. Now I tell you de fastest running on record wuz done last night tween one on three er'clock by me an dat ghost; he jes kept closer nough ter keep me in notion er running. Ever now an den peers lack I could hear him say, "Run, Jimmy, run, less haber little fun." I want habing much fun, but I tell you I'se running. He run me back ter his place er bizness, which is degraveyard, an he run me right thru it, but I tell yer, I show wrecked his place er bizness, fur I guess I must er misplaced erbout fifty tombstones an cedar trees; but anyhow he never followed me eny futher after he got ter de graveyard. I guess he muster went in ter take his rest; he certny

needed it as well as myself, but I never stopped running till I got home. And hardly stopped den, fur I run de rest of de night in mer sleep. Did you say dat wuz you? Wy, Rube, was dat you running me dat way? Well, you certny favored Mr. Runnerbout.

A WATERMELON CONTEST.

Haw, haw, haw! It's er shame de way I done Jim bout dat watermillun, fur Jim is er tickler fren er mine. He saved me from drowning once, an he kept a feler from licking me ernudder time. An he got my gal to reconjoin herself back ter me ergin in addition plus me and her, but let me percede ter tell yer bout dat terrible watermillun contest. Yer see I went out joy walking one morning, an chance ter come by old Bob Battleham's watermillun patch. I was very thirsty, fur I had walked erbout ten miles widout much joy. So I set down oner log wid mer legs crossed close ter de fence speckerlating on dem watermilluns. I wouldn't git over in de patch right erway case it wuz too close ter de house; an besides ole Bob had er big bull dog an er fist loading shotgun. I knowed de dog would bite, an I knowed de ole man would shoot, so I made myself be still fur er while.

Puddy soon I seed mer Fren Jim come erlong an cast his two big eyes in dat same patch er milluns. I beed right still an watched him case

I didn't want him ter see me. But I lackter laffed out when Jim turned his head sideways an stuck it thru er crack, an after he found dat he couldn't git his body thru he turned his head straight an tried ter pull dat empty cokenut out, but dat feller lackter broke his neck square off. He tried ter holler, but he wuz pulling back so hard tell he couldn't open his mouf. After while he quit pulling an wenter thinking jes what he orter done at fust. Den he turnt his head back sideways an pulled it out jes as easy. Den I heard him say: "What er fool I wuz;" an I lackter said: "Youse dat same fool yit." But let me tell yer, while dat feller's head was thru dat crack he spotted dat same watermillun dat I picked out fur mersef. I heard him say dat he would come back dar dat night bout twelve er'clock an git dat watermillun. Den I sed ter merself: "Yes, I'll meet you here too, Bud." So Jim went on home wid his skint neck, an puddy soon I went too. I went home an lolled roun' dar all day thinking bout dat watermillun. Dat wuz de longest day I eber seed in mer life. But finely de time come an I wenter dat patch erbout half past leben er'clock in order ter beat Jim dar, but when I got dar Jim wuz jes gittin over de fence into de patch. I squarted down in de fence corner an watched him.

He went sneaking over ter dat same millun dat I spotted, an stooped down ter pull it off; an it seem lack he wuz breaking mer heartstring O how misserable I felt! I hated ter speak ter

him, case he'd know mer voice; so I growled lack dat bull dog. Den Jim got up an stretched his neck lacker wild goose; den I growled ergin, an thunderation! you never seed sicher running in all de days of yer life, an me needer. Jim fell down an broke er millun all ter pieces wid his head, den he got his footses wrapped up in dem vines and kept so much fuss tell he made de man's dog bark sho nough; den dat feller broke loose from dem vines an run erginst de fence an jes ruint it ferever. He jes run clear off widder vine roun his neck, an Mr. Battleham an dat bull dog right in behind him. Well, I took advantage of de absence of mer most dreaded enemies an got dat watermillun and fotch it home. An now I'se gwinter invite Jim ter help me eat it; dat is, ef he's able ter come. Den I'll tease him de rest of his life bout dat watermillun contest.

BOB'S VACATION.

Back ter town ergin, "I juckles," an eberything certny looks strange ter old Bob. I jes stayed one night, but had some strange speriences. I'se been ter East Texas, erbout ten miles from Marshall, ter see mer kinfolkes. It had ben erbout twenty years since I'se dar; an ter mer surprize, things aint changed er bit. People's still plowing wid er ox an mule tergether, still drinking lickier, an voting anti tickets. But

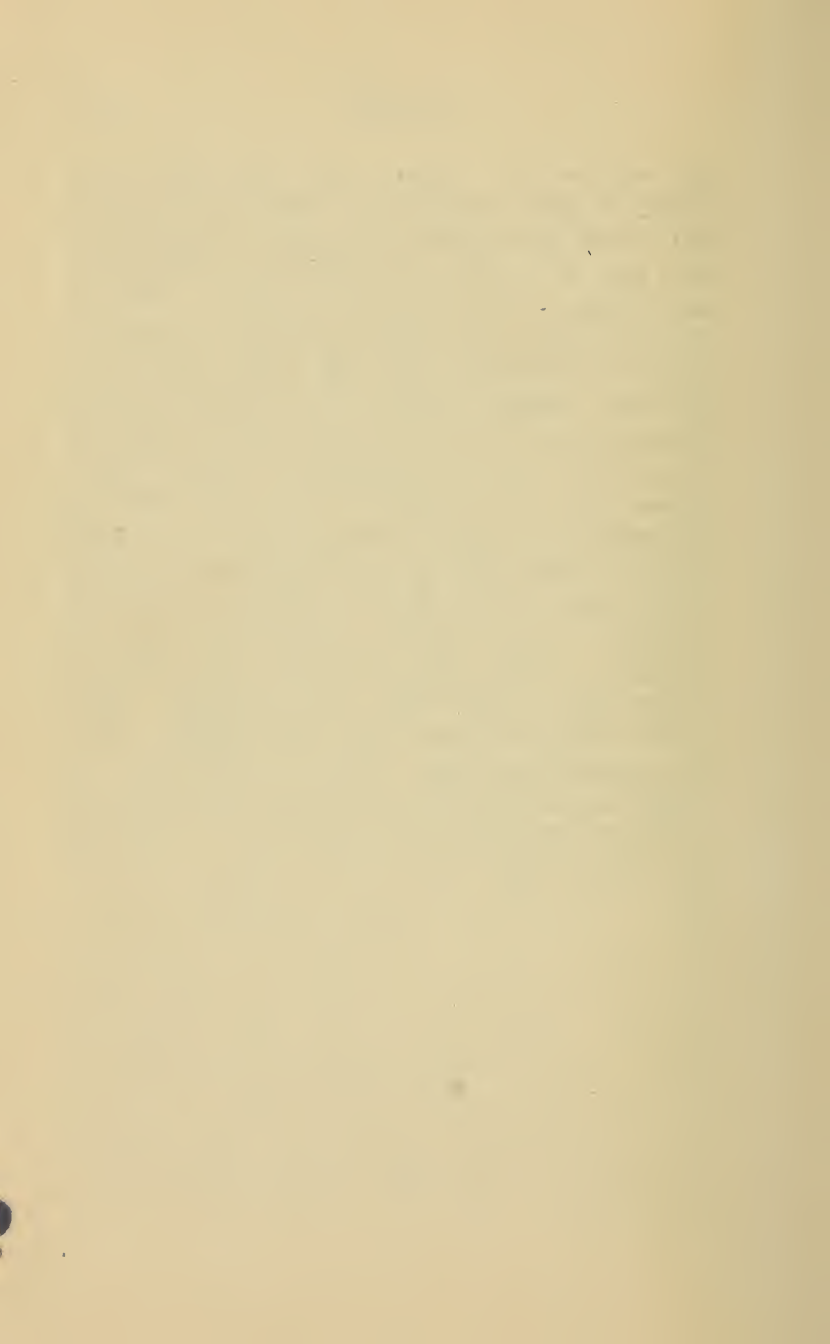
in spite ob all er dat, de folkes amer still sticking ter dat ole time er ligun an dem ole ring plays. But I tell yer, dar am some of dem cullid folkes in an eround Marshall dat am "highfer-lutin," but I'se talkin bout whar I'se raised.

I landed dar oner Sadday night, spent er missible night at mer brudder-in-law's oner straw bed. I'se sorry I went ter bed, caze de sketers, fleas an bed rousters, my sakes er lise, jes stuck daggers in me all night long. Dey all would bite an say nothing but de sketer; ebery-time he'd come ter take er bite he'd sing, "City meat's sweet, come on let's eat," an I said, "Yas, it won't be sweet long if I stay here, fur you'll suck all the sweetness out."

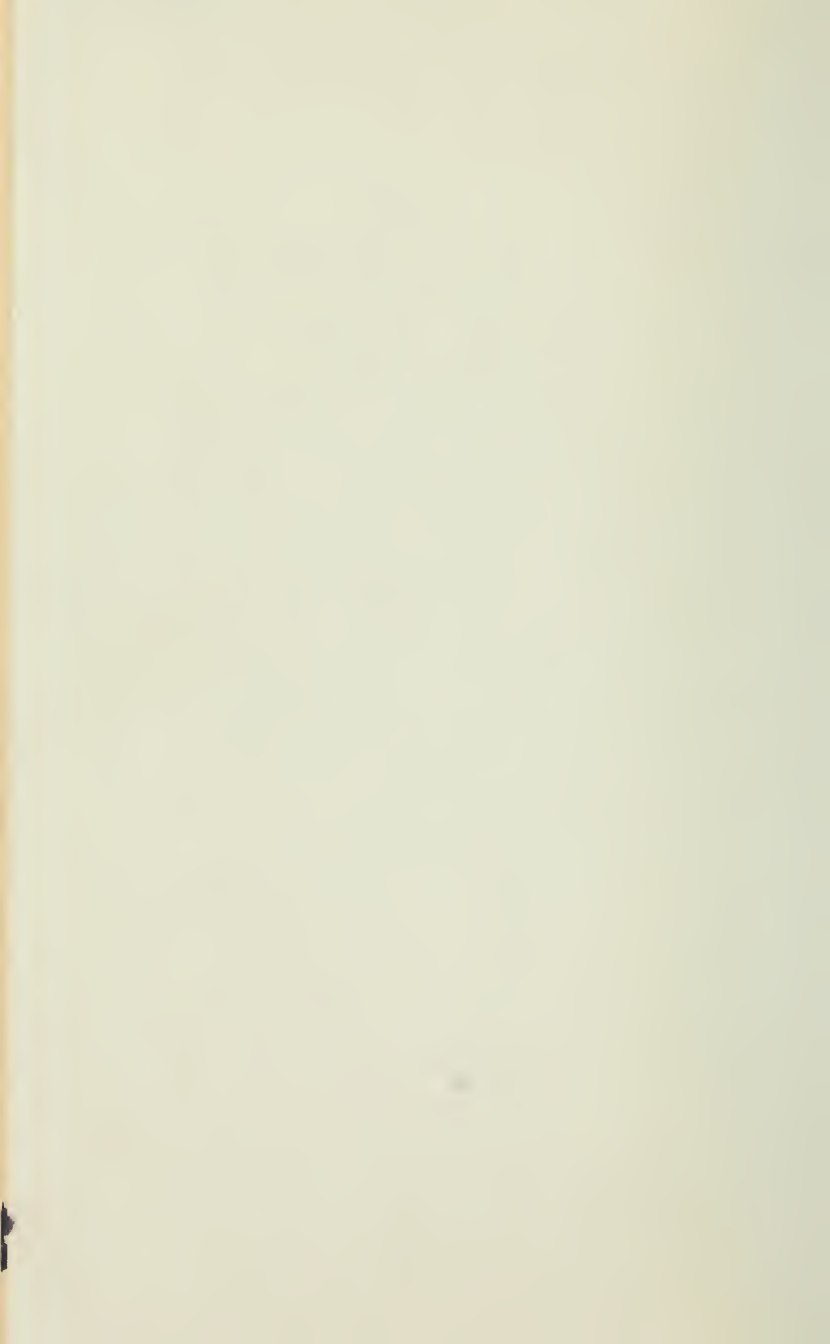
Well, day broke and I broke too; dat is, I run outer dat room an run smack down ter de creek fore I stopped, an jumped in and brought mersef back ter life. Pudy soon after dat, I heard de breakfast horn er blowing dat ole fermiliar tune, calling me ter breakfast; so I put on mer two peaces an expressed mersef ter de house. When I got dar, Sis Susanna Jane ast me whar I'd been, an I told her dat I had been doing de fish act. Den she called me inter de family prayer-meeting, an we all knelt down, an Parson Ben, dat had also spent de night dar, led de prayer. And as luck would hab it, I bowed wid mer eyes terwards de table wid all de grub on it. De Parson prayed so long tell I had ter ast er little boy dat wuz bowing close

ter me how long did de Parson genly pray; an he ast me ef he had sed enything erbout de river ob Jorden yit. And I sed: "De devil, no;" den he told me when de Parson got ter de river ob Jorden dat he wuz jes haf way. Den I sed ter him, dat I speck when de Parson did git ter de river ob Jorden I'd be through eating. I looked eround ter see ef dar wuz any sine ob him ending dat prayer, but bless mer soul, dat scamp had got back on his hunkles wid his head rared back ter de lowf ob de house an er slapping his hands, an er sweating an er foaming at de mouf lacker mad dog; an I heard him say dat he felt lack praying all day. Den I looked at mer brudder-in-law an sister, an deys done got happy. Well, I got tied er dat fulishness, an whilse dey wuz enjoying de spirit, I'se enjoying mersef eating breakfast. Now let me tell yer bout dat breakfast; dar wuz fist biskits, dat is, biskits squeezed off with yer hand; den rolem round an hit dem er hard lick ter shape dem up, den put 'em in de uben an when dey's done dey's big as er loaf er light bread. Den dar wuz er big pan full er cheekin on de table an er poun er butter at ebery plate an er big jug er lasses, an er big jar er simmon beer, an er keg er sider. Den dey had taters tewed, roasted, baked an fried. Wait dat aint all yit; dey had hog jole an crackling bread, an er strong gallun er coffee setting at de Parson's plate, an er big desh er saushut dat was kored in shucks. Well, I jes propped mer-

sef an went ter eating; but ebery once an er while I'd give de litle boy er hand out ter keep him from pertraying me. After while Parson Ben got ter de river ob Jorden an I heard him say, "Cross me over in er cam time." Den he opened his eyes and seed me eating, an I let you know dat preacher ended dat prayer right middle ways Jorden and never did git over. He jes rose up an ast me what de devil was I doing; an I told him dat I wuz eating my dinner caze I never had eny breakfast. Den mer sister an brudder-in-law opened dare eyes ter see what wuz de matter, an dey tole me dat dey wuz actually shame ob me, an ef dat's de way I'se gwinter do, dey didn't want me ter come dar enymore. Parson Ben finely got eberything alright when he tole dem dat city niggers didn't know what er square meal wuz nohow. After dat biziness got pudy shaky w'd ule; so I decided dat de city was de best place fur me since I had killed mersef in de country. So off I put, an here I am.



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